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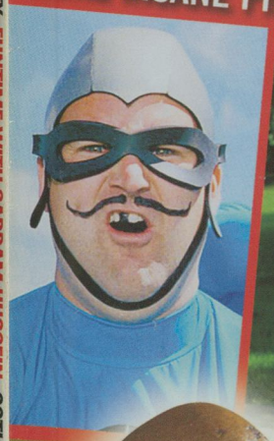

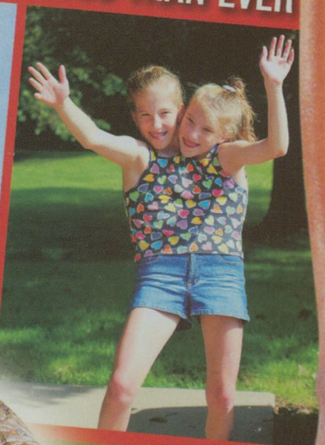

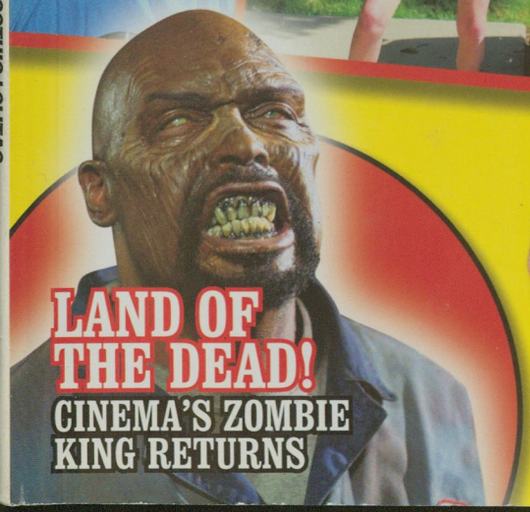

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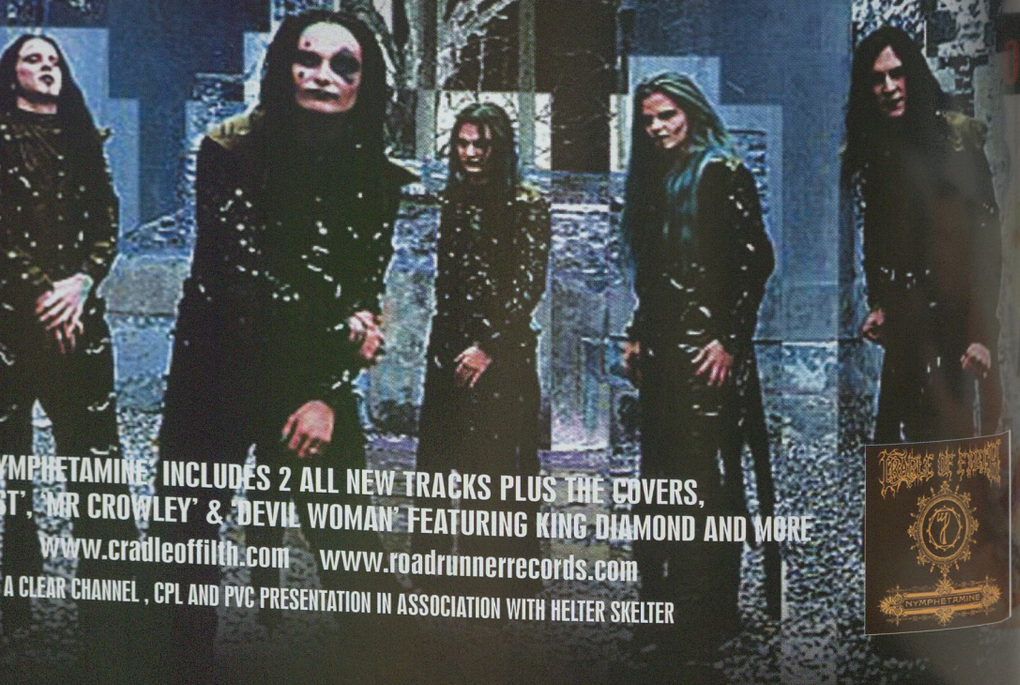

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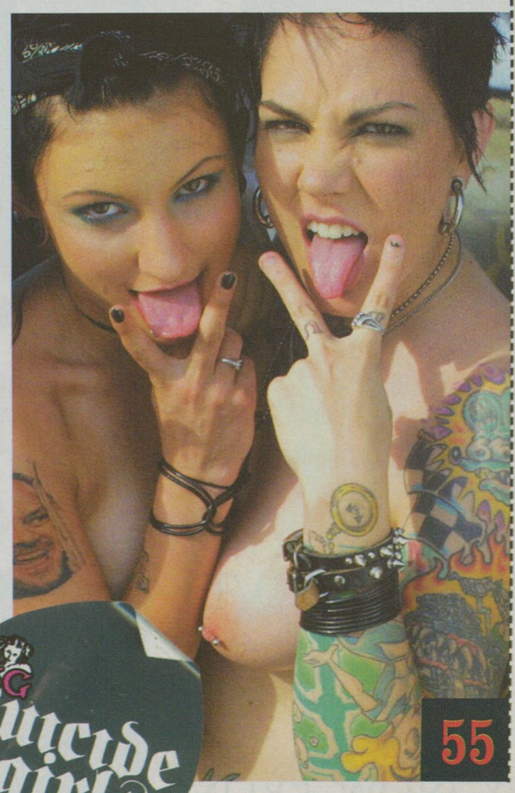

SG Suicide Girls

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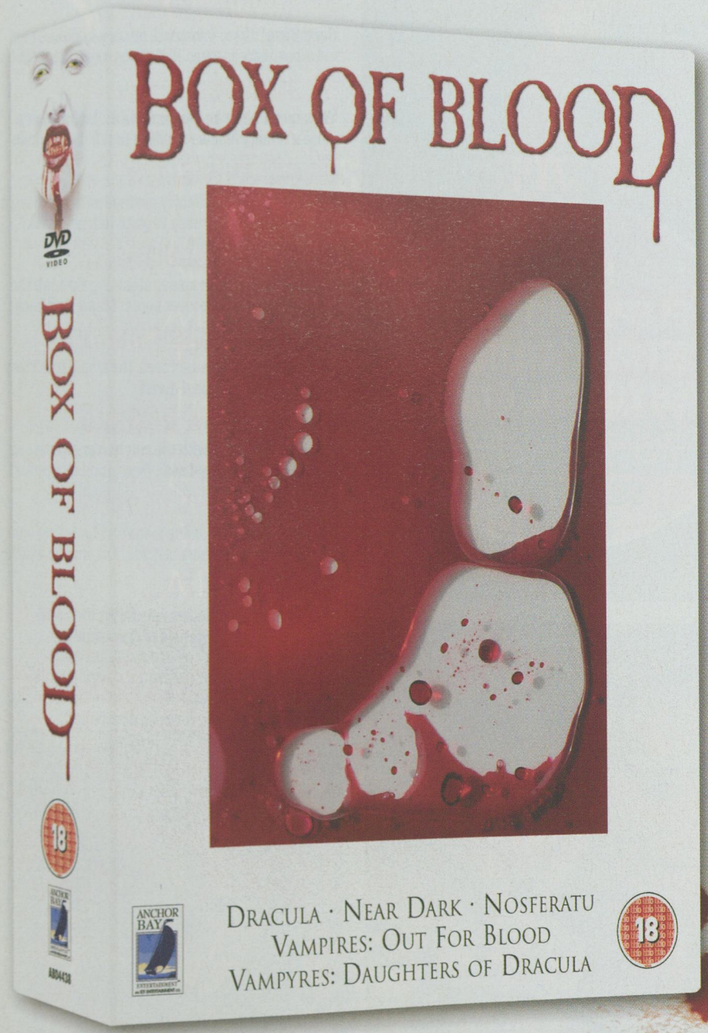

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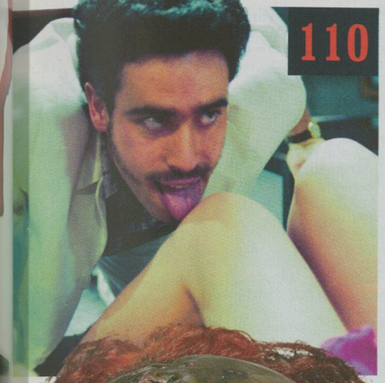

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DOMINATRIX VANESSA BLUE ON POLITICS, PAIN AND POSTING PARCELS OF POO
WWW
RUG-MUNCH OR DIE!
RIP TO OPEN

Welcome to *Bizarre* 102. That's Dave down there, our Art Director, with his new best chums The Enigma and Katzen The Tiger Lady (p92). Denise interviewed them for you, then Dave and our Designer Sarah took them to the pub, where The Enigma, according to Sarah, got drunk after two pints and "started bumbling about". And Katzen took Dave to her hotel room to show him her sticker album, which was apparently full of, "apple stickers, Union Jacks and various labels".

A MONTH IN PICTURES

Here's Kate being molested by a Suicide Girl. Our glamorous Features Editor took five of the little tykes out on the tiles (whatever that means) for a night (p55), and returned the next day a bit weary and corrupted. It started off innocently, but before long they were spanking old men with electric fly swatters, sitting on our photographer's head (he was "grinning all over his face", said Kate), and pole-dancing.

Do you know this cat?
I (Mr Editor) found him wandering the streets of Camden at 3am. I'm quite concerned about his alien-like appearance. Is he possessed, or from outer space? Please contact us if you have any information.

BIZARRE

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CHINA

CHINESE JUSTICE

Drama erupts on the streets of Chongqing, China, in May this year, as a kidnapper seizes a young girl and holds her at cleaver-point. The Chinese police subsequently negotiated with the man for an hour, then shot him in the head. *The China Daily* described the man as "injured", perhaps optimistically, and said no motive for the kidnapping had been established.

CHINA PHOTOS/GETTY

Photo Assault

INDIA

LIFE WITHOUT PLUMBING

These people come from the village of Natwarghad in the western Indian state of Gujarat, and the enormous hole in the ground they are gathered around is a well. Natwarghad is currently suffering its worst drought in over a decade, with dams, wells and ponds all running dry. As a result, the locals have to wait for hours around village ponds for the irregular, state-run water tankers to show up.

REUTERS/AMIT DAVE

IRAQ

KICKING A DEAD MAN

In Baghdad, irate locals kick the shattered carcass of a suicide bomber. The jihadist blew himself up in a vehicle close to the oil ministry, in May 2005, killing two people and wounding six others. Despite a massive counter-insurgency operation involving 40,000 soldiers and police, the Iraqi capital continues to suffer regular attacks of this type. Suicide bombers believe that dying 'a martyr's death' guarantees them a place in Heaven.

ZEID ABDULLAH/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

USA

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER

Meet Abby and Brittany Hensel, aged 11. These conjoined twins share a body, with each of them having to control their own half. Through teamwork, they can do everything from playing the piano to playing volleyball. You can find out more about them by watching *Joined For Life* on the Reality TV channel on 18 August.

Photo Assault

UK

ALLO, ALLO, ALLO

A lone protester faces a line of riot police during skirmishes in central Edinburgh. The authorities used mounted and baton charges to quell disturbance and contain those who were in the city to protest during the G8 summit, which ran in the beginning of July in Gleneagles.
Over 350 arrests were made over the week of the summit, with many complaining of heavy-handed police tactics.

REUTERS/JEFF J MITCHELL

Photo Assault

CHILE

CALAMARI GRAVEYARD

A Chilean sets to work, cleaning up the thousands of dead jumbo flying squid that mysteriously washed up on the beaches of Santa Maria island. The island's fishermen had to issue a plea to local authorities for help in clearing the animals from the port, as there were so many carcasses piled up, they couldn't navigate their boats out to sea.

REUTERS/JOSE LUIS SAAVEDRA

Photo Assault

BRAZIL

HUGE PILE OF NARCOTICS

Brazilian police climb a 95-tonne mountain of seized drugs. The narcotics are being prepared for incineration at a cement factory in Sao Paulo. Criminal gangs in Brazil's favelas (slums) are almost beyond the reach of the law, and practice a level of violence that makes the yardies look like the Womens' Institute. Last year, Tim Lopes, a TV journalist who tried to infiltrate one such gang, was shot in both feet, tortured for hours with a samurai sword, dismembered, then set on fire.

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momentum PICTURES

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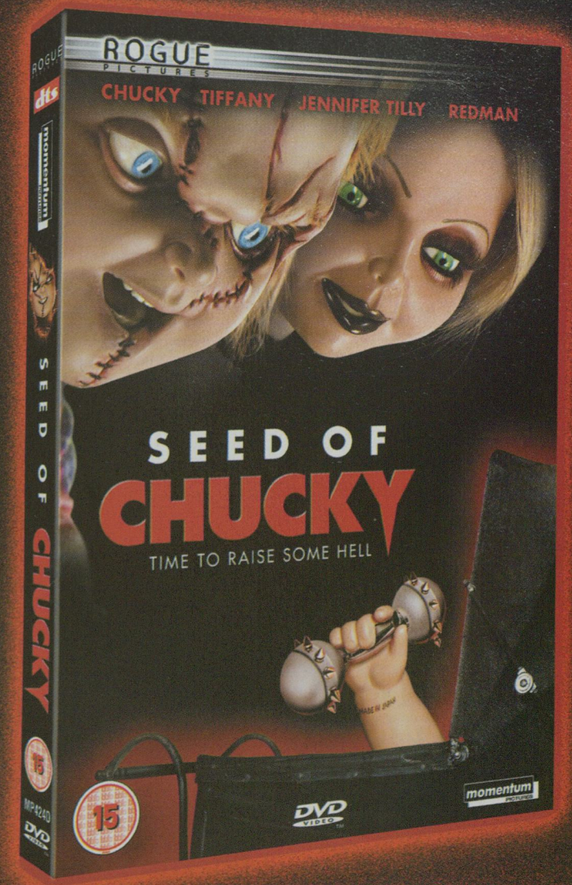

CHINA

LUCKY TO BE ALIVE

This builder fell from a crane in Xi'an City, in China's Shaanxi Province and landed on a 2.5m long steel tube. The tube penetrated his abdomen, but didn't fatally damage any of his organs. After a two hour operation, the steel tube was removed and he survived.

CAMERA PRESS/ZHAO BING/PHOTOTEX

Photo Assault

GERMANY

I *TOLD* YOU TO TIDY UP!

This Berliner was found dead in his apartment in exactly this position. The man, identified only as 'Peter M', had been living in the flat for three years. Neighbours reported that he was an obsessive hoarder, collecting everything from broken pots to old toys to garden gnomes and piling them up till they reached the ceiling. It took the police an hour to free the body and the coroner gave the cause of death as suffocation. Nobody has been able to satisfactorily explain how Peter M came to die head-down in a pile of his own junk, however.

ACTION PRESS/REX FEATURES

THE DES

TH

LETTERS

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BIZARRE, 30 CLEVELAND STREET, LONDON W1T 4JD
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EDITED BY **DENISE STANBOROUGH**

EACH MONTH THE READER WHO SENDS IN THE STAR LETTER WINS A BOTTLE OF HEADMASHING LA BOHEME ABSINTHE. FOR THE REST OF YOU, THE GORGEOUS GREEN GUTROT IS AVAILABLE FROM ABSINTHE ORIGINAL.COM

STAR LETTER

RACIST DOG RAPES INNOCENT DOLL

I am writing to tell you all of my dog, "Thomas A Tatamuss, the Racist Rapist".

Our family is from Kashmir, and although me and my sister are white, my mother isn't. We recently bought the cutest puppy you ever saw – an eight-week-old black-and-white whippet-crossed-collie. There wasn't much problem training him, and my sister kindly donated a toy or two to him, one of which was a knitted Gollywog. This is where the high jinks started.

Today, in order to stop him eating my shoes, I decided to distract him by waving the Gollywog in front of him. To my utter horror, my cute little puppy Thomas jumped at the toy, his upper lip curled and his hair standing up on his back. He threw it to the floor, tore at it with his teeth, ripped open the wool on his chest and shagged it senseless in the most aggressive way possible. Before me and mum could even gasp in shock, he stood over the poor Gollywog and pissed all over it.

What is the world coming to when it is acceptable for a dog to beat, rape and urinate on a perfectly innocent toy, purely because of the colour of its wool? I think it's disgusting and depraved. I knew you'd love it.

Miriam Rathore, Lancashire

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PERVS UNITED

I like to spank (I don't mind having my hair pulled either) but can never find anyone who will go five minutes without giving me a freaked-out look. Now I notice that in *Bizarre* you have a lot of sex chat lines and adverts to meet women for sex, but I think you should have a section to advertise for dominant and submissive people alike as it's hard to ask a regular Joe to puke and piss on you without coming across as a perv.

Shaz, Bathgate

BIZARRE AIDS WAR EFFORT IN SMALL WAY

Having been conned into signing our lives away, we now find ourselves in Iraq, many miles from discernable civilisation, confined within the Basrah Palace compound (yeah, less glamorous than it sounds!)

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

Me and my partner Oliver have been together for nearly one year and to celebrate we both dressed-up and I walked him up and down my street where I live. He sits when told, barks when told and eats out of our pet rottweiler's bowl, but I just love him! Please *Bizarre*, would you be so kind as to print our photos to celebrate our first year together because I love Oliver to bits. We would be so grateful as we are both big fans of *Bizarre*!

Madame Bloodclot and Oliver, by email

PROUD PARENTS

Loathe as I am to kickstart a 'my child reads *Bizarre* better than your child' letter-writing campaign, it seemed curiously coincidental that on the very same day my partner and I purchased *Bizarre* 101, containing the picture of the little neonate alongside its issue of *Bizarre*, our youngest, Laura (right), aged seven, should choose to start reading it.

We often find her two older sisters, Elizabeth (right), aged 12, and Katy, 13, flicking through an issue on the sly, but today was the first time we've found Laura reading – and this only five minutes after ticking us off for reading a magazine with naughty things in!

So, like an irritating proud parent who forces you to look at pictures of their baby's first bowel movements with your eyelids stapled open, I grabbed my camera, and took some pictures of Laura being fascinated by Prince Albert.

When I told her what I was taking the picture for, she was mildly concerned that if it got printed, her teacher might see it. After I pointed out that her teacher couldn't tell anyone even if she did see it, because it would mean everyone would know *she* bought naughty magazines as well, she cheered up and even suggested a picture of her reading *Bizarre*, "with big plastic boobies. And a plastic bum". Alas, we had none to hand.

She also said she liked the splodges that you put over the ladies' naughty bits in the *Sleaze* section. As it happens, we have a cat called Splodge, who would also work quite well at covering up naughty bits.

So please find attached our little angels, Laura and Elizabeth, exploring their favourite magazine. *Bizarre* Beauties in the making if ever I saw them.

As an added bonus, my partner and I are both girls, so you've even got some hot girl-on-girl action with this letter.

Well, the suggestion of it. Sort of.

Keep printing *Bizarre* and we'll keep buying, dead babies and all.

Love and curios,

Laurie & SJ, by email

A Gollywog and a dog, yesterday (not actual size)

There goes the neighbourhood!

ALL TATS, FOLKS!

After viewing some of the pathetic excuses for tattoos in your fine magazine, I decided to send my 'backtat' in. It was finished five years ago and the artist was Sharon from Blackwolf Studio in Bedford.

Deadheart, by email

PS: Keep the absinthe, it's foul.

We were pleasantly surprised to find that your mag is one of about only 10 or so that the army bothers its arse sending out here. Who says squaddies are sick?

Anyway, imagine our horror when we found that to keep the locals quiet (you know, the ones who shoot at each other with anti-aircraft artillery) they tear out our beloved sealed section. No Chris Nieratko, no dwarf/trampoline/pissing porn, and no porn lines to waste our welfare telephone time on.

Would it be possible for Carl to have some more pics of the dude with the vagina? He thinks he's found his perfect 'girlfriend' and he's exhausted all the other pics.

Keep up the sickness,

Ross Paterson (General Dogsbody and Jizz Mopper) and the guys from the 14 Sigs Int Detachment, Iraq

CHOP, CHOP

For the last five years I have wanted to be castrated. I would like the testicles, spermatic cords and as much of the scrotal sac removed as possible.

Seeing the article in issue 81 has confirmed completely for me that this is the way forward for my life and I will only be happy when they are gone.

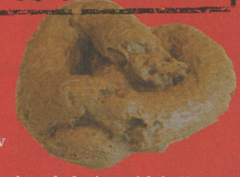
Can any *Bizarre* readers in England help fulfil my wish for me? This is a serious request.

Excellent magazine, I've never missed an issue, keep up the good work.

Terry Marshall, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne

WORRYING US THIS MONTH

FAECAL FANCLUB



Dear Shit Lover Lorraine,

I really loved your photo (issue 101), I've wanked over it at least 30 times since I got the mag a few days ago.

I've always loved shit: smelling it and playing with it. Your boyfriend is a lucky guy, I'd love to find a female like you. We would play and smell each other's shit all day.

I'd love to have a shitty chat with you. I'm looking at the photo again and must have another wank.

Would you smell/play with my shit?

Your shit-loving friend, Chris, Putney

NEEDLE NOVICE

I enjoyed the article on S&M Nazi domination at the Glasgow dungeon (issue 101) but not as much as I enjoyed the session. That's me on pages 98 and 99 with the needles in my nipple and the fake blood about to be vomited in my lap. I'm also described as being "not called Andy" in the article! I do have a couple of questions, like why the shots with all the play piercings were not used? I ended up with another four needles round each nipple and three cannula needles through the front of my throat. I was a needle-play virgin before this session. Also, why bother to pixellate my face and leave my tattoos in the picture? Surely I can be identified by them just as well?

I told the writer and photographer (both good guys, by the way) that it was OK to use my real name and picture if they wanted – I am 'out' anyway!

Dougie Gray, by email

This turd-smearing-based correspondence is now closed – Ed

AHHHH BISTO!

Dear *Bizarre*, I thought you may appreciate this photo of my hand following an incident with a carton of gravy. I have been enjoying myself showing my hand to people and watching their disgusted expressions. It's my way of making the best of a bad situation.

Richard Murray, Wirral

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Burning issues on your favourite messageboard this month...

TOPIC: THE DENTIST
POSTER: SOCIAL_REJECT

It's amazing how many people are scared of going to the dentist. My mate is a dentist (by extreme coincidence) and he tells these stories of men, built like brick shithouses, crying like babies as soon as they see the instruments. This one time he had this guy in who peed his pants – they had to buy a new chair and everything.

TOPIC: FUCK
POSTER: CHRISWSM

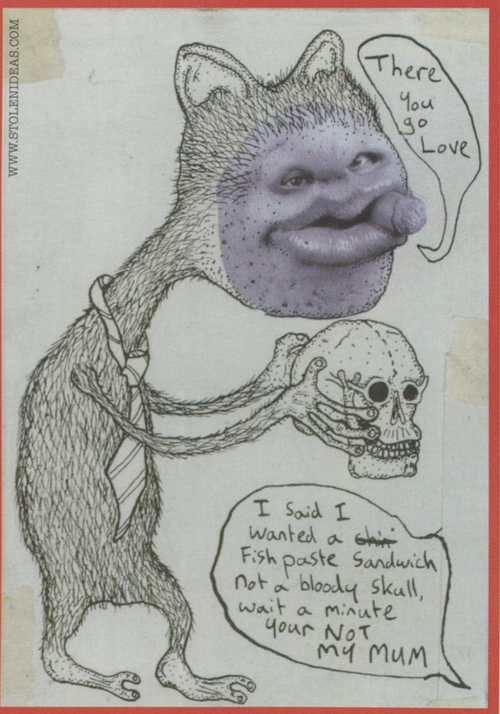
She did swallow most of it as she likes the taste. There was rather a lot and as she was blindfolded I was deliberately staying quiet so when I came it was a surprise for her and it made her giggle hence the spillage. This is the next shot in the series. Notice that my knob is back in her mouth with a bit of cum still on her chin. I chained her to my multigym. Teased her with my hands and tongue until she came. Fucked her until she came again. Then allowed her to lick her juices off me and drain me of every drop of seminal fluid (no sperm due to vasectomy). We both have a DVD of the vid. A pleasant evening and well worth the planning and plotting. Lets hope her BF never finds out.

TOPIC: FEMALE NECK AND NECK VEINS
POSTER: NECKLOVER

Aged like the perfect wine, the best looking human female necks and female neck veins are usually between 20 and 40 years old. I don't know what I would do if I saw the perfect female neck. There are so many varieties, lengths, positions, vein patterns, and sizes. What can I say? I love female necks and female neck veins!

LEAD

BY ANDREW JAMES JONES


WWW.STOLENIDEAS.COM
There you go Love
I said I wanted a ~~shit~~ Fish paste Sandwich Not a bloody skull, wait a minute your NOT MY MUM

MONDO BIZARRO

Our planet is sick... **here's this month's health report**

USA

World's **Ugliest Dog**

MANGY MUTT WINS 'MOST HIDEOUS CREATURE' HONOUR

He may look like an extra from *Pet Sematary*, but 14-year-old Sam, right and below, is in fact a pedigree pooch.

The Chinese Crested has shot to fame after his third consecutive win in the fiercely contested Sonoma-Marin 'World's Ugliest Dog' competition.

"Even the judges recoiled in horror when I put him on the judging table," beams owner Susie Lockheed of Santa Barbara, proudly describing her monstrous pet's powerhouse performance.

Tiny Sam has no hair, other than the wispy yellow-white tufts that sprout from the top of his head and tips of his ears; his wrinkly brown skin is riddled with pockmarks, and lines of warts pepper his snout. His milky, blind eyes stare menacingly, a flap of fleshy skin dangles below his withered neck and his tombstone teeth jut at every conceivable angle.

Sadly, Sam may be unable to defend his horrific-hound crown next year, as he is suffering from a number of age-related ailments, including congestive heart failure and lung and kidney problems. But he looks set to be adored during his twilight years. He enjoys regular gourmet meals of sirloin steak, cheese balls, roast chicken and flan (so he will swallow his multiple pills).

"People are always horrified when I kiss him – and he's definitely a toad – but he's my prince," says Susie. ***Greg Hughes***

See Samugliestdog.typepad.com/blog and Samugliestdog.com for more

It's official! This is the World's Ugliest Dog (left)

"The judges at the World's Ugliest Dog show recoiled in horror at my dog, but he's my prince!"

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18

*in thai with english subtitles

UK

Immodesty Blaize & Walter's Burlesque!

PICTURE CREDIT PLEASE

CHEEKY INNUENDO AND HIGH-CLASS STRIPTEASE COLLIDE IN A CABARET EXPLOSION

There can't be too many Burlesque shows where the men wear bollock tassels and the Marquis de Sade finds himself in the middle of a gay disco, but Walter and Immodesty Blaize have managed to merge the base humour of the *Carry On* films and the tradition of Burlesque into one, big spectacular showgasm.

"It's ironic cabaret with an element of humour and satire," says Immodesty, immodestly. "It's done in a clever way and it's incredibly erotic. I do a routine on top of an 8ft rocking horse and a reverse striptease where I put all my clothes back on – it's challenging the traditional format of Burlesque."

"I wear a traditional suit and then strip down to the spangly bollock tassels"

Walter and Immodesty honed their skills through years on other shows before teaming up to launch their own cabaret. Walter plays the camp, razor-tongued gentleman with perfect comic timing.

"I wear a traditional suit then strip down to the bollock tassels," he explains. "I also do a set that involves a transition from ZZ Top into Britney Spears. It's called 'Trailer Park Trash' and it's about a trucker who imagines himself to be Britney Spears."

Also on the bill is old-school New York comic Murray Hill who shoots straight from the hip and thinks nothing of stopping his comedy routine to hit on a broad or take a swig of the hard stuff. Although Immodesty does a sexy suggestive striptease with pompoms, don't go expecting to see tits and arse.

"You can find pictures of someone shagging their dog just by looking on Google these days," says Walter, "but I think people enjoy the tease of being made to wait to see something."

Denise Stanborough

Burlesquetheshow.com

Ghost Watch

KEEPING AN EVIL EYE ON SPIRITS, GHOULS, SPOOKS AND SPECTRES

Flying Phantom

The parents of a six-year-old boy are convinced their son is the reincarnation of dead Navy fighter pilot James Huston, who was shot down in action six decades ago. Andrea and Bruce Leininger of Lafayette, Colorado, claim their son, also called James, has always been obsessed with planes. One family video shows the child playing with an aircraft and performing a very detailed pre-flight check. At one point James was having vivid nightmares so his parents took him to a therapist. He began recounting how a plane was hit by the Japanese and crashed over the Pacific. He named the boat from which he took off as The Natoma and said he flew with a man named Jack Larson. After checking the facts, his father discovered The Natoma Bay was indeed a small aircraft carrier in the Pacific and Jack Larson was still alive and living in Arkansas. "It was like, holy mackerel!" said Bruce. "You could have poured my brains out of my ears. I just couldn't believe it."

The Leiningers contacted Huston's sister Anne Barton to tell her about James' revelations and, having met with the boy, she also believes he is the reincarnation of her dead brother. "The child was so convincing in coming up with all the things that there is no way in the world he could know," she said.

Shiver Me Timbers

Workers at the National Fishing Heritage Centre in Grimsby have called in paranormal experts after a string of strange incidents over two years. Strong odours of smoke, loud footsteps and an extreme drop in temperature have occurred without any obvious explanation. Some claim the museum is being haunted by an old skipper of a trawler called the Ross Tiger, which is displayed at the centre.

A technician at the site has rigorously checked the building for any possible explanation. "I've checked the ventilation systems and there's no way anything from outside could have contributed to the smell of smoke," he said.

Despite the ghostly goings-on, manager Chris Jones said, "We think we know who might be with us, a much-respected ex-skipper of the Tiger. We all feel it's the right place for him to be and feel comforted he is still with us."

USA

Holy Land Experience

WHY SETTLE FOR A THEME PARK MOUSE WHEN YOU CAN HAVE A MESSIAH...

If you've ever wished to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but were less than thrilled at the prospect of flying bullets and suicide bombers that might be attendant to such a journey, read on.

Now there's a theme park in Florida which offers a Disney-esque glimpse of The Holy Land, sans the spectre of Holy War. It's called The Holy Land Experience, and its creators claim it's not so much a theme park as a 'total environment', meant to transport the visitor back to the Jerusalem of biblical times. Though its close proximity to both Disneyworld and Universal Studios might lead one to expect rollercoaster rides replicating such stories as Jonah and the Whale or the parting of the Red Sea, sadly it is not the case. In fact, there are no rides.

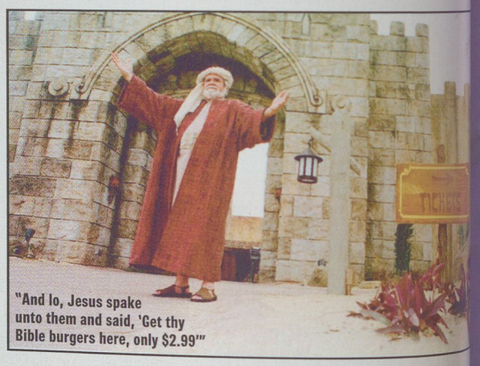
The park's creators stress it's not merely a Christian amusement park, but a serious attraction where visitors can learn more about biblical history and experience a deeper understanding of some of the places described in the Bible. You can visit Herod's palace, for instance, or the wilderness tabernacle. For most guests, the high point of the park is a chance to stroll through the Garden of Gethsemane and check out the empty tomb of Christ.

The park was controversial before it even opened last year, and "freedom from religion" advocates protested it was merely a clever plan to indoctrinate unwary atheists. But the park's creators pride themselves on the understated nature of The Holy Land Experience, and counter it is simply a family-oriented tourist attraction meant to educate and entertain. And speaking of entertainment, actors in period costumes perform Vegas-style routines on the steps of Herod's palace, belting out gospel tunes via wireless headset microphones; or appear outside the tomb of Jesus, singing songs celebrating His life – and death.

Of course, even Christians get hungry and thirsty after trudging through the caves of Qumran for hours in the humid Florida heat. And as would be expected, the park offers biblically themed fast food. You can chow down on Goliath Burgers and other tasty treats, the likes of which probably weren't on the menu at the Last Supper. For dessert, there's King Solomon's Shortcake, or if you'd prefer, milk-and-honey ice cream.

Boyd Rice

NETWORK



"And lo, Jesus spake unto them and said, 'Get thy Bible burgers here, only $2.99'"

>Want to see the most offensive CD covers ever? Go to p116

USA

"I Inflate My Forehead"

The man who pumps his own brain to bursting point

Jerome Abramovitch has been "consciously educating myself – I hate the term body modification" since he was five years old. A professional photographer, endurance athlete and "die-hard urban cyclist", he is covered in branding scars from head to toe, has had various implants in his body, and has even cut off his own right pinkie. But most strikingly of all, he is the world's only practitioner of forehead inflation.

When did you discover this?
I was at the first Modcon back in 1999 and an older gentleman gave a demonstration of scrotal saline injection. I had no sexual or aesthetic interest in scrotal injections, but I was impressed at the physical nature of the transformation. I had a corporate job back then and I thought it would be really funny to inject my forehead, walk into work and tell my boss I needed a vacation to rest my swollen brain… just one of those random performance-art ideas. One thing led to another and it became the act it is now.

What exactly does it involve?
Saline, a hose, a needle and basic medical knowledge. Gravity does the rest. I'd rather not go into the details… seriously, I don't want people attempting this. But it's not rocket science either.

Is it painful?
Yes, it is very painful, I won't bullshit anybody about that, but like anything else I've ever done, it's not about the pain, it's about the experience. Women have children regardless of the fact they know it will hurt. They aren't masochistic, nor are athletes pushing themselves to extremes while training. The forehead act is not about the pain. It's about the end result, about performance art.

Can you mould your head into any shape you choose once inflated?
No. I can indent small holes or lines with fingers, but that's it.

How do you make your head return to normal?
I do nothing, my body absorbs the saline within 12 hours. Our bodies are amazing machines.

Greg Hughes

See Chapter9photography.com for more

MIND MONDO

KNOCK KNOCK, WHO'S BEAR?
A 35-stone bear has learnt how to knock on front doors to trick people into opening it, then pushing past them so he can eat their food. The Loknor family, from Gerovo in Croatia, have had three 'knocking' visits from the bear, and are now too scared to ever answer their door.

Songs to make love to

THE PRISCILLAS

GUITARIST GURI GO-GO (SECOND FROM LEFT) REVEALS THE BLONDE BOMBSHELLS' SEDUCTION TAPE

1 SALT N PEPA, 'PUSH IT'
"When sharing the bed with someone who needs instructions."

2 PJ HARVEY, 'OH MY LOVER'
"Three isn't always a crowd."

3 BLACK SABBATH, 'IRON MAN'
"Cos it's hard, heavy and loud, but not too fast."

4 ARCADE FIRE, 'CROWN OF LOVE'
"A tender, thumping waltz that goes in to nearly double speed towards the end – OOOOH MATRON!"

5 MOTORPSYCHO, 'PLAN #1'
"This song has got it all; it's epic, it whispers, it howls and leaves you beautifully wistful and satisfied."

6 SPIRITUALIZED, 'COME TOGETHER'
"Massive, pompous, beautiful song that simply goes on forever."

7 NANCY & LEE, 'SOME VELVET MORNING'
"This one is a winner for the comedy aspect of the constant tempo changes."

8 THE CRAMPS, 'SHE SAID'/ 'HUMAN FLY'/ 'GARBAGEMAN'/ 'CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG?'/ 'THE CRUSHER'
"Any Cramps song works for me, it's low down and makes you feel dirty. Oh how I love the Cramps!"

9 THE RONETTES, 'BABY I LOVE YOU'
"When you're in love (L.U.V.)"

10 PIXIES, 'GIGANTIC'
"My big, big love."

The Priscillas' 'All My Friends Are Zombies' and their mini-album *Aloha From Holloway* are out in September on Damaged Goods

>See what happened when Bizarre hit the town with the Suicide Girls p52

Parties

Way Out Party

VENUE: WAY OUT CLUB, LONDON EC3 **DATE:** 9 JULY 2005

WORDS AND PHOTOS **JAMES STAFFORD**

Other gay and fetish clubs may have become increasingly popular with the straighter public, but this institution of British trannydom is still defiantly underground.

A club for "transvestites, transsexuals and their admirers," Way Out is bursting at the seams with girls, boys and inbetweenies. They come from all over the world to spend a few hours, dressed to kill or seduce, under the watchful gaze of founders Vicky and Stefan. Lines of gender and sexuality are obliterated and you'll never be sure if that burly bruiser in the mini-skirt is after you or your girlfriend, or whether that top-heavy gal is packing a surprise downstairs.

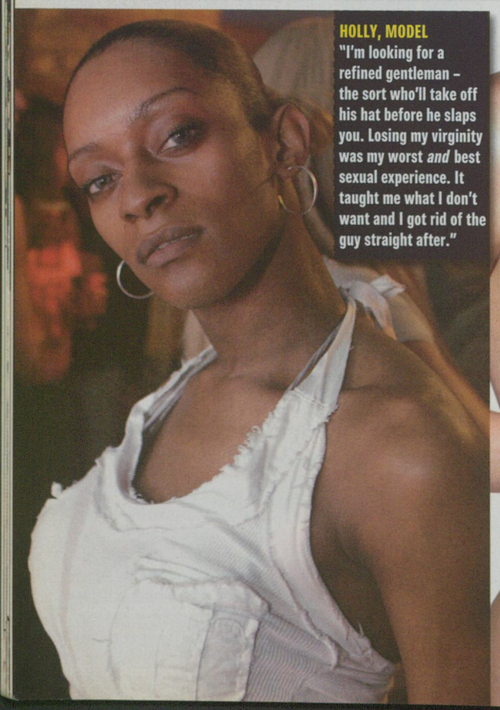
Tonight's guests were the luscious Allanah Starr and Gia Darling, flown in from LA to inspire and delight the crowd of cheering admirers. They didn't disappoint, and a tranny-tastic time was had by all.

Thewayoutclub.com

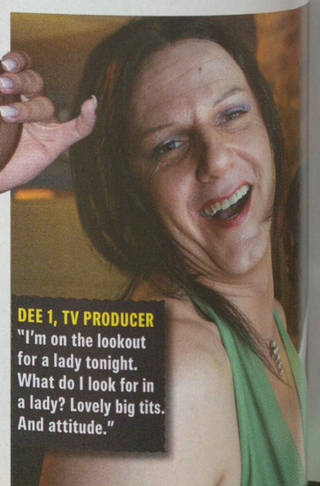
JACQUELINE, ARTIST, SCULPTOR AND JEWELLERY DESIGNER
"Have I ever had a ménage à trois? Yes, but it was terrible. Someone is always left out and ends up watching television."

EVA VORTEX, PORN STAR AND DOMINATRIX
"My strangest sexual experience would have to be... oh Lord, you'd have to define 'strange' – I've done most things. I had sex with a dwarf once."

ALLANAH 'MOTHERFUCKING' STARR, PORN STAR AND MEDIA WHORE
"I am a porn star, media whore and I wanna be famous. Don't forget, we might suck and fuck for a living, but we're still human beings."



HOLLY, MODEL
"I'm looking for a refined gentleman – the sort who'll take off his hat before he slaps you. Losing my virginity was my worst *and* best sexual experience. It taught me what I don't want and I got rid of the guy straight after."



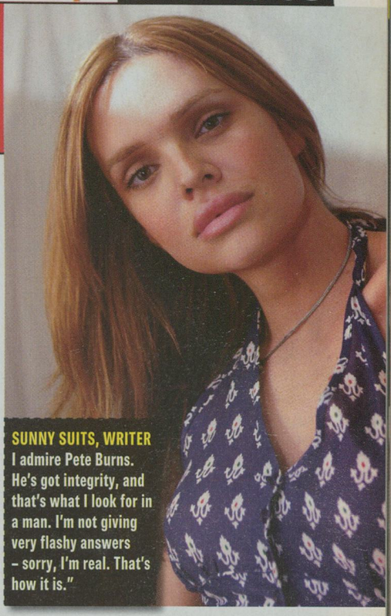
DEE 1, TV PRODUCER
"I'm on the lookout for a lady tonight. What do I look for in a lady? Lovely big tits. And attitude."

MISS SARAH LLOYD, WAY OUT CLUB ORGANISER
"My worst sexual experience was face down on my hands and knees with a dog bowl in my face at an orgy, somewhere in Hemel Hempstead. It was a New Year's Eve party and I was getting shagged on a lino kitchen floor. Oh, it was vile!"

DEE 2, NIGHTCLUB HOSTESS
"I most admire my mother – you should meet her, she's fierce. I am too. I once had sex at the back of a nightclub, by a bin, don't even ask how I got there. I didn't even ladder my tights – classy bird, eh?"

MISS MICHAELA MARBELLA, "FULL-TIME SISSY PRINCESS"
"If I could have sex with anyone, it would be me. In fact, I've never had sex because I'm in love with myself. In a woman I look for a blonde, a bit like me."

MAGGIE FOX, BISCUIT PACKER
"The thing I hate most is guys who can't get it up. But I love guys who are so big you have to use two packets of lube."



SUNNY SUITS, WRITER
I admire Pete Burns. He's got integrity, and that's what I look for in a man. I'm not giving very flashy answers – sorry, I'm real. That's how it is."

GIA DARLING, DIRECTOR, PRODUCER AND STAR OF TRANSSEXUAL FILMS
I most admire Allanah Starr [see opposite], I want to be a whore just like her when I grow up! Just kidding, I admire myself. I've had a tough life, I've beaten the odds and never let anything stand in the way of my dreams."

ROSEETA, HOUSEWIFE
"I'm from the Amazon in Brazil and I'm 21 in cat years and 25 in dog years. OK, I'm 37! I'm married, my husband is home with the kid."

OBITUARIES

This month's weird deaths

450 sheep dive to doom

First one sheep jumped to its death. Then stunned Turkish shepherds, who had left the herd to graze while they ate breakfast, watched as 1,500 others followed, each leaping off the same cliff. In the end, 450 dead animals lay on top of one another in a billowy white pile, the *Aksam* newspaper said. Those who jumped later were saved as the pile got higher and the fall more cushioned. The estimated loss to families in the town of Gevas, located in Van province in eastern Turkey, tops £60,000, a significant amount of money in a country where average GDP per head is £1,550.

Fish leaps into boy's throat

An eight-year-old boy died when a freshwater fish he was playing with got stuck in his throat. Malaysian Samion Ahmad was playing with the fish, known as a puyu, at his family home in Jalan Masjid, when the freak incident happened. The fish, which Samion had caught several days earlier and was being kept in a concrete tank outside his house, suddenly jumped out of the water into his mouth. His mother, Sa-arja Deumali, 45, said, "I was taking my bath when the incident happened." Samion's younger brother, Jaafar, three (pictured with his mum and the deadly fish itself), had earlier told Samion not to stir the water as the fish might jump out. The fins of the puyu, which is found in paddy fields and irrigation canals, are very sharp. Some Malays keep the fish believing it can ward off evil spirits.

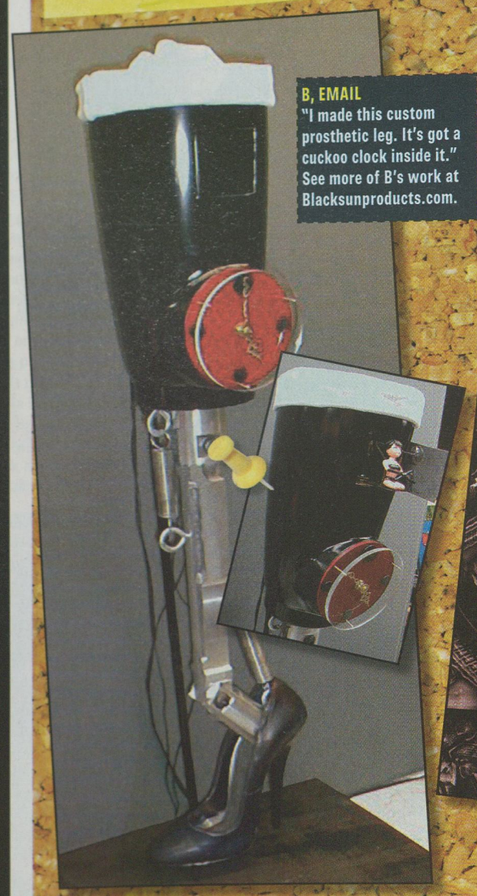
Murderous cow banged up

Nigerian police have arrested a cow that killed a bus driver who was urinating on a highway. The horned African cow, which was wandering stray in the Ojo district of Lagos, also injured several bystanders after killing the man. "The cow went mad, ran into a bus driver and knocked him down. Efforts to revive him were fruitless," said Lagos police spokesman Olubode Ojajuni. Some people suggested the animal be shot, but the district police officer ordered it to be taken alive. "We applied ingenuity and arrested the cow, which is now being detained at the station," he said, without going into details.

Readers' Art

SEND ALL THE WEIRD AND WONDERFUL DRAWINGS AND PICTURES THAT LIVE INSIDE YOUR HEAD TO GREG HUGHES AT THE USUAL ADDRESS, OR EMAIL GREG_HUGHES@DENNIS.CO.UK

VICTOR CAYRO, EMAIL
"I am a reader of this magazine and also the greatest living South American cartoonist in the world."



B, EMAIL
"I made this custom prosthetic leg. It's got a cuckoo clock inside it." See more of B's work at Blacksunproducts.com.

DEAN SAMED, EMAIL
"Here's an apocalypse calendar that predicts end of days. According to this... it will be a zombie outbreak."

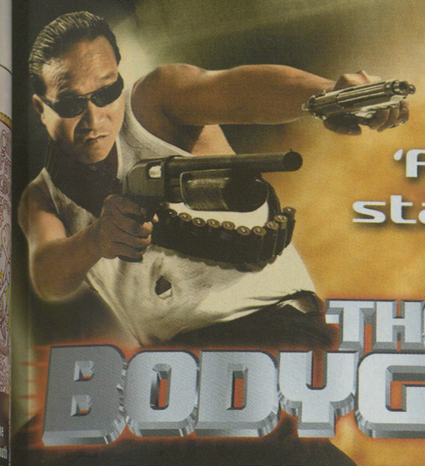
BIZARRE FASHION

Fanny Spike

Ladies! Worried about intruders? Need to fight back against the molesters prowling our streets? You need Femdefense, the spring-loaded, spike-shootin' tampon from Hell.

OK, relax. This is a piece of Swedish art – a provocative work, designed to "contribute to the debate on men's sexual violence against women in society, using the aesthetics of design and the semiotics of marketing."

Altogether more terrifyingly, in South Africa, it appears that life is imitating art. One Sonette Ehlers has invented a chillingly similar device that has nothing to do with art or debate – it's real. Worn like a tampon, the as-yet-nameless widget is a hollow tube lined with tiny fish hooks that embed themselves in the penis in the event of penetration – it can only be removed at a hospital. Ehlers plans to launch the device shortly, according to the *Cape Times*, which reports that it will cost one rand (about £0.86) and come "in bulk packs". ***Duncan Bell***



'A Riot from start to finish'
IMPACT

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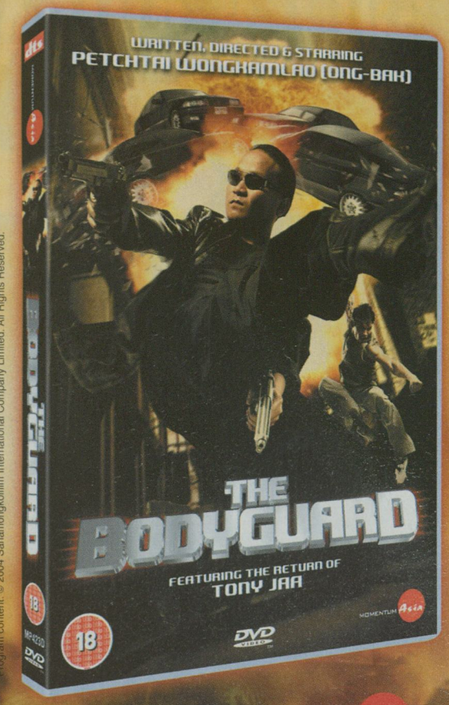

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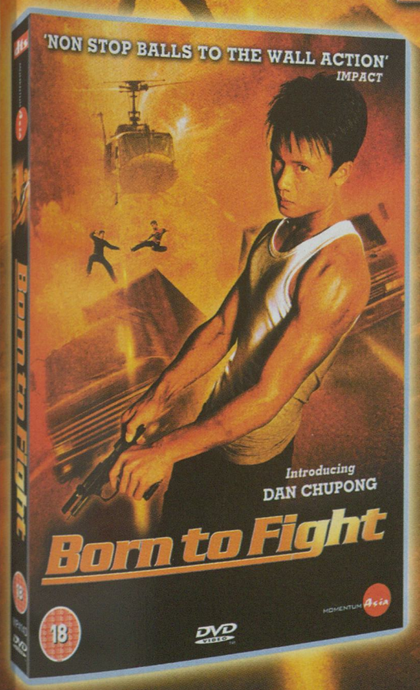
MOMENTUM Asia

Born to Fight



'NON STOP BALLS TO THE WALL ACTION'
IMPACT

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BIZARRE MOMENTS IN HISTORY

DEAD POPE PUT ON TRIAL BY LIVE POPE!

Throughout the 9th and 10th century, corruption among clergymen was rife. The papacy was dominated by the powerful sectors of Roman society, each competing for supremacy. It was not uncommon for prevailing families to have rival pontiffs bumped off to advance their own ruling agendas and secure one of their own in the Chair of St Peter. With morals like that, they'd hardly let a little thing like death get in the way of hauling an unfortunate soul in front of a court for trial, would they?

Not content with speaking ill of the dead, Pope Stephen VII conducted one of the most shocking and ungodly events to take place within the history of the church by dragging a corpse – that of his predecesor, Pope Formosus – before the courts to face a string of charges.

After 27 years as Cardinal-Bishop of Porto, Formosus got the top job, and reigned for five years, during which time he racked up a number of bitter enemies. He died from old age in 896 and was buried in St Peter's Basilica. But his 'long sleep' was far from eternal. Just seven months later, on Pope Stephen VII's request, the body of Formosus was exhumed, in order to attend a trial, largely as the result of Stephen's personal hatred for his predecessor. The putrid corpse was dressed in pontifical gowns, propped up in a chair and subjected to the firing questions of the court. A young deacon was brought in to stand behind the late Formosus and speak defensively on his behalf, while the acting judge – Stephen VII himself – read through charges of perjury, coveting the Papacy and violating church canons when he was elected Pope. Perhaps unsurprisingly, the trial was dominated by Stephen VII. On the rare occasions the raging Pope did break from his ranting, a somewhat weak defence was provided by the young deacon, while the accompanying clergymen looked on in horror and disbelief.

Pope Stephen hurled vicious insults at the disintegrating corpse

The fingers of the dead Pope were violently hacked off as 'punishment'

Stephen VII continued to scream and hurl insults at the disintegrating corpse, before eventually convicting him of all charges and invalidating any acts Formosus had put in place during his reign. As further punishment, the three fingers of Formosus' decaying hand – previously used to give his blessings – were violently hacked off. He was then stripped of his pontifical attire, dressed in the cheap garments of common folk and tossed into the Tiber river. But the 'Cadaver Trial' proved far too inhumane for those who had supported Formosus throughout his reign and Steven VII was consequently deposed, imprisoned and later strangled to death. *Gabrielle Sander*

MEPL

JAPAN

Why, Robot?

Say hello to the latest accessory for genuine-human-being-shy social inadequates the length and breadth of Japan. 'Chatty', as the frightening contraption is named, is life-sized, made-to-order and, most importantly, has a face that is a blank screen until turned on to play DVD images of a face that will actually speak to you – doubtless in the kind of jolting, non-sequential manner the hard-of-socialising are accustomed to. Designers are planning a range of characters, from Everyday Joes (or, more likely, Janes) to historical figures like Cleopatra.
Greg Hughes

GETTY

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

SADDAM HUSSEIN

He did kill millions but even US guards describe him as "oddly endearing"– here's why...

WORDS **JAMES DOORNE**

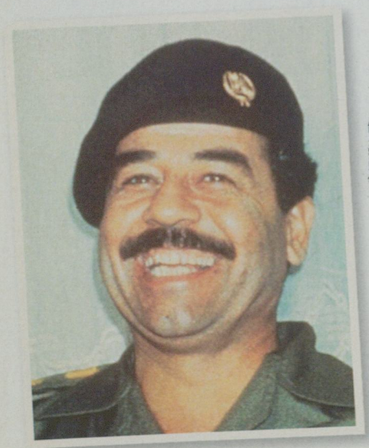
Saddam Hussein is the former President of Iraq. He ruled the country for nearly a quarter of a century between 1979 and 2003.

Born into poverty in Tikrit in 1937, Saddam joined the ruling Ba'ath Party and rose to become Vice-president of his country by 1979. He took over as President when President Al-Bakr resigned from the position on 16 July 1979.

His reign was characterised by brutality and murder. In his first week in charge it is alleged that he ordered the arrest, torture and execution of 450 prominent Iraqis that he feared might one day challenge his rule.

Other notorious instances of his bloodthirsty nature include the chemical attack on the Kurdish village of Halabja in 1988, the invasion of Kuwait in 1990 and the slaughter of Shia militants who staged an uprising in southern Iraq in 1991.

Saddam was eventually deposed by invading troops in 2003. He is currently awaiting trial in the US on charges of war crimes.



MONDO BIZARRO

Pulp Fiction Fan

Saddam was a big fan of Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction*. Along with videos of his political enemies being tortured, he used to love watching Tarantino's work. When his presidential palace in Baghdad was raided a copy of the film on DVD was found.

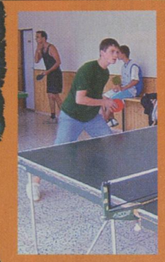
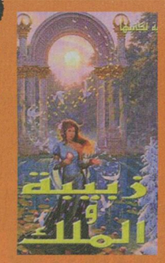


Table Tennis

Saddam is a lover of table tennis. His yacht, a gift from the Saudi royal family, came with a table-tennis table especially for him. During his detention by the US he was offered a treadmill for his cell, but asked for ping-pong instead. His request was refused.

Cheesy Snacks

US soldiers who are guarding Saddam claim his favourite snack was Cheetos until supplies were exhausted and he was given Doritos as a substitute. He can get through a family-size bag in 10 minutes before asking for more 'Doris'.



Charity Work

Ever the charitable soul, Saddam was alleged to have written a book called *Zabibah And The King*, which raised money for the needy. The book received no criticism whatsoever in Iraq even though it reads like a parody of a Mills and Boon.

Pet Pamperer

Saddam is often described as an animal but he was also an animal lover. He had his own zoo at his palace in Baghdad, which was home to seven lions, two cheetah and one forlorn brown bear. Saddam passes his time in captivity feeding birds in his garden.

High-Camp Art

Saddam collected art by Rowena Morrill originally used for the covers of cheap paperbacks. The work, which features cowering blondes with outsized breasts being attacked by phallic beasts, was described by the artist as high camp and hilariously funny.

AP; CORBIS; KOBAL

GHOST IN THE SHELL

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USA

Barbie Jewellery

As every 10 year old with a sister knows, there's nothing guaranteed to upset your sibling like sawing off her Barbie's limbs and leaving the ludicrously disproportionate mutilated torso to be discovered under her pillow. Artist Margaux Lange has taken things a step further and disassembled and reassembled scores of the plastic princesses in a study of the way Barbie "influences the definition of gender roles of women in contemporary American culture". The result is this fascinating and beautiful collection of jewellery, where Barbie "becomes the accessory rather than being accessorised". You can see more of Margaux's creations at Themathematicians.net.

Greg Hughes

Barbie arms of all colours form a fan; black, white and brown buttocks jut proudly from a brooch

Duncan's Dinners

EACH MONTH OUR RESIDENT GOURMAND DELIVERS HIS VERDICT ON THE WORLD'S MOST DISGUSTING DISHES

THIS MONTH: CALVES' NERVES

Greetings, omnivores! What a miracle the nervous system is. Through its unfathomable bio-electronic pulses, we mammals may experience everything from the gentlest tickle to the feeling of a hacksaw blade being driven INEXORABLY forward and back between the DISCS of our SPINE.

And, if said nervous system belongs to a cow, it turns out that it may also be eaten!

The ochre-skinned, heavy-lidded menial who brought me this dish seemed mildly perturbed at my choice, and little wonder – the rest of the menu at his reasonably priced Mediterranean bistro was standard fare. I cared nothing for it. Before me glistened 12 perfect rectangles of very firm

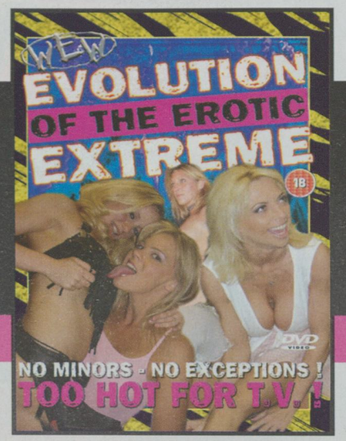
Eating it was like consuming a child's jelly sweet. But a meat-flavoured one

jelly – slightly translucent, and far larger than I, a mere human, could ever dream my nerves to be. Eating it was like consuming a child's jelly sweet that had, as a cruel prank on the little shits, been flavoured with a subtly meaty taste instead of vulgar strawberry. And what subtlety! Whorishly, it promised beefy flavour, yet kept it secreted beneath its petticoats of salt and pepper, in spite of my begging, leaving me only with the alien, gelatinous texture of the bovine nerve.

Later, I mused on how consuming such an intimate part of an animal's anatomy could lead to a transmogrification; a melding at the DNA level. Certainly, it seemed more than mere coincidence that my dining companion that evening commented on the firm, yet jelly-like consistency and subtly meaty flavour of my own 'Man-udder' as he supped softly of its sweet milk.

HMV

extreme dvds



WEW Evolution Of The Erotic Extreme
WEW's exotic, erotic and extreme divas battle all over the Boathouse at Erotic Extreme's inaugural show. The supercharged duels feature a host of sexy but deadly beauties, including WWE superstar diva Jazz against Playboy's Heather Faith!

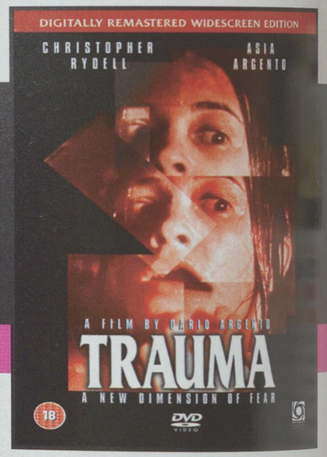
Out Now

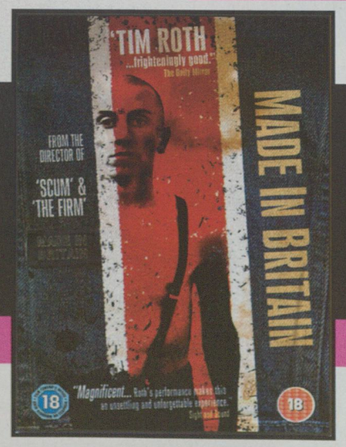
DVD

Trauma
Digitally remastered widescreen release of horror maestro Dario Argento's 1993 gorefest, a gruesome tale of a girl on the run from a psychotic killer. Starring Argento's own daughter Asia (xXx) as the heroine, Trauma's shocking violence redefines the slasher movie.

Released 25th July

DVD





Made In Britain
Cult British filmmaker Alan Clarke's (Scum, The Firm) 1982 classic with an unforgettable screen debut by Tim Roth as troubled, glue-sniffing skinhead Trevor.
"Tim Roth... frighteningly good." **Daily Mirror**

Released 25th July

DVD £5.99

buy now: hmv.co.uk

Titles and price are subject to availability while stocks last at participating stores.

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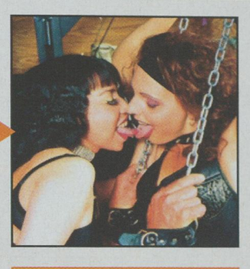
MIDGET BONES' DIARY

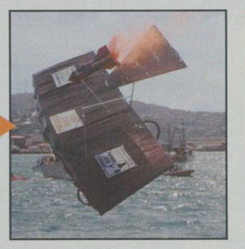
HAVE YOU GOT A BIZARRE EVENT TO PROMOTE? EMAIL ME AT MIDGETBONES@DENNIS.CO.UK (WITH AT LEAST SIX WEEKS' NOTICE PLEASE!)

THIS MONTH'S WEIRDEST HAPPENINGS

17 August
Club: Hellbound, Spiders Night Club, Nottingham
Fetish for the uninitiated... Experienced students of the flesh might want to leave their barbed-wire thongs and electro-charged spanking paddles at home tonight.
Houseofhorrors.co.uk



20-21 August
International Bognor Birdman Festival, Bognor
This two-day celebration of fancy dress and aerodynamics invites contestants to make the evolutionary leap off Bognor Pier. If you fly the furthest, you'll scoop £25,000.
Birdman.org.uk



21 August
London Kink Workshops: Bondage with Master Rope Knot, London
Do you want to strap your hot bitch down and violate his/her holes? But in a *safe* way? This workshop should be right up your street then.
Unfettered.co.uk

24 August
Gig: Korn, Carling Academy, Brixton, London
They are the ugliest band ever, and their guitarist Brian Welsh has pissed off to become a God-botherer. But still Korn soldier on, banging out anthem after anthem on the topics of incest and rape. Rock!

26-28 Aug
Gig: Carling Weekend, Reading
Marilyn Manson, Foo Fighters and Queens Of The Stone Age all share the main stage, while the Radio 1 'Lock Up' stage brings you Bad Religion and Hatebreed.
Readingfestival.com

29 August
DVD: Iron Maiden, Death On The Road
This double-DVD (and live album) celebrates the metal veterans' on-the-road antics. "I'm really happy," says Steve Harris. "It captures the dark *and* lighter moments perfectly."
Ironmaiden.com

2 September
Film: Last Days
Fat lipped fop Michael Pitt stumbles through the woods mumbling to himself in Gus Van Sant's unofficial portrayal of the last few days of Kurt Cobain's life. Absolute arthouse crap. Torture.
Lastdaysmovie.com

2 September
Pagan Camp, Blackland Lakes, Calne, Wiltshire
True Pagans can sit on ley-lines all day, giving praise to nature and all her bounty. Then they can enjoy the excellent toilet, washing and baby-changing facilities.
Pagancamp.org.uk

4 September
Brotherhood of Goat Meat Eaters Festival, Bellegarde en Marche, France
They may say 'Non' to British beef, but these Gallic folk can't get enough delicious, BBQed goat flesh. Legend has it the locals then use the leftovers to fend off English invaders.

5 September
Album: The Prodigy, Their Law: Singles 1990-2005
Including the ravey ones from the first album, the brilliant techno ones from the second album, and the shouty, pseudo-punk ones from the third album. And some utter shite from the fourth album.

8-11 September
European Drag Racing Championships, Santa Pod Raceway, Northants
Fill your nostrils with the smell of burning rubber as top dragsters from Europe and beyond battle head-to-head for a place in the history books.
Santapod.com

10-11 September
British Open Minigolf, Stratford-upon-Avon Minigolf Course
Forget idly knocking balls through a clown's mouth, this is WAR. Negotiate tricky rock formations and water hazards to win the £500 first prize.
Minigolf.org.uk

NEXT ISSUE OF BIZARRE GOES ON SALE ON 13 SEPT

How Bizarre are you?

Corey Taylor

Slipknot's frontman reveals his true identity – a rat-scoffing, UFO-dodging sheep-shagger

WORDS **JAMES DOORNE**

What's the weirdest animal you've ever ridden?
Probably a mechanical bull and I wasn't very good at it. I got my ass tossed about a dozen times in front of my 12-year-old daughter. There was nothing funny about it. It was not funny. It was *not* funny. I landed on my face and the sad thing is this wasn't even at a country bar. It was at the mall. It was at the fucking shit mall.

Were you drunk?
No. Just hanging out with my 12-year-old.

Did you lose her respect?
No. She just made me get on again. And again. And again.

Have you ever had any recurring dreams?
Yeah. I have one where I'm being pulled down by sharks, which is really great. My mom took me to see *Jaws* in Minneapolis when I was three – not the smartest thing a mom could do, right? I also have one where I am doing The Dumb Fuck Show, which is my cover band. It's the same line-up every time but I can never remember what songs we play. It's a frustrating dream but then again it is a frustrating band. It's one of those things it is a blast to do, but it is a nightmare at the same time.

Do you believe in UFOs?
I saw one once. It didn't look like a spotlight in the sky. It didn't look like a beam of light. It was a solid mass. It would stop in mid-air and then it would just fucking turn on a dime.

What's the biggest animal you've ever killed?
The biggest animal I've ever killed would be a wolf spider. That's about it. I've got a thing for spiders now. I had a spider bite on the last tour and it almost took me out. I was bit on the head – of course, because that's the obvious place to get bitten by a spider. The whole left side of my head freaked out. My throat fucking seized up. My ear started freaking out. Every one of my lymph nodes was as hard as nipples; it was amazing.

Do you have any phobias?
Sharks, as I mentioned. I think I was one of the first people to be fucked up by seeing *Jaws*.

Spiders?
I'm not scared of spiders; I just kill them because I don't want to be bitten by them and fucked up. I'm just destroying the threat before it gets real. And ever since I went bungee jumping I have a slight fear of heights now. Not too much. Just enough to make me stay away from a balcony when I am too near it. Who the fuck wants to hang over the edge and go, "Wow! It's vertigo!"

What is the closest you've come to death?
That was a long time ago. Now I am very much in love with living, to tell you the truth. When I was about 15, I think, I lost count, but we took a lot of coke. Between me and my friends we'd gone through quite a few eight-balls. It was a bad, bad, bad deal. And then my friends, God bless them, stuck me in a dumpster. Sweet.

Weirdest animal you have ever eaten?
Rat. I ate rat when I was homeless. Roasted. It tastes like chicken. Albeit gamey, gamey chicken. I was homeless off and on for about a year when I was 17. It was nobody's fault but mine. There are things you figure out later that you wish you could change. I was a fucking nightmare. You can always find something to eat in a KFC dumpster. I ate pigeon as well.

Have you ever seen a ghost?
I was taking a shower and me and Clown shared two rooms – they were connected – and he was gone so I was the only one there. There was only one door to get into both the rooms and that was locked from the inside. The balcony doors were locked from the inside. Since I was the only person there I had the bathroom door open. I was taking a shower and I looked over and somebody walked past the door clear as day. As clear as I would see you coming through a door. So I jump out, shampoo in my hair, sopping wet. I was like, "Oh my God! Somebody broke into the fucking room!" and as soon as I got into the room he was gone. Apparently they had found somebody hanging in a tuxedo. The house used to be abandoned and people would go there to party and whatnot. Apparently some pretty radical things have happened in that house. One time they walked in and this dude had put on a tuxedo and hanged himself.

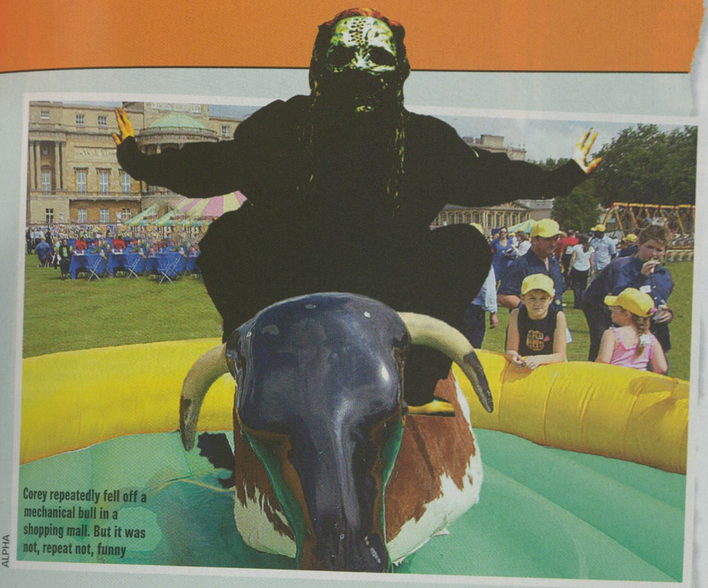
Have you ever heard voices in your head?
None I didn't recognise. If you recognise the voice you are sane. If it's somebody else's voice, there is an issue and you need to go and see a fucking doctor.

If you had to have sex with an animal what would it be?
A sheep.

Look out for a live Slipknot album this autumn

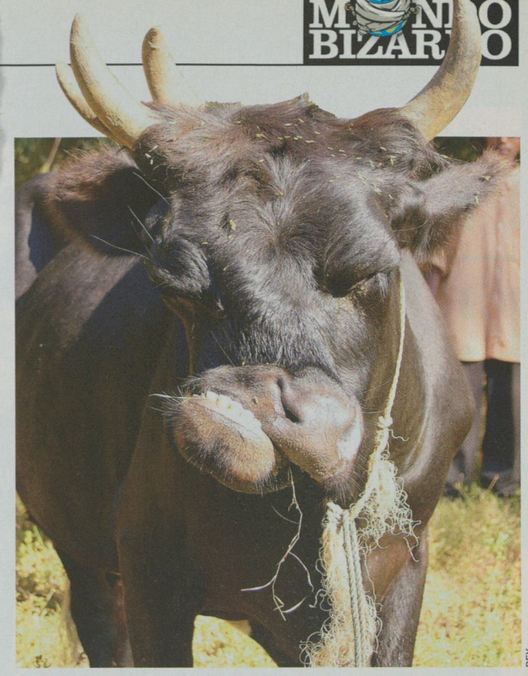
BIZARREOMETER
FETCH THE BIG NET!
DANGEROUS NUT-JOB
REASONABLY MENTAL
SLIGHTLY OFFBEAT
DULL AS FUCK
DEAD
"I got bitten on the head by a spider. My throat seized up and my lymph nodes got hard and swollen like nipples. It was amazing"

M HUSTON



Corey repeatedly fell off a mechanical bull in a shopping mall. But it was not, repeat not, funny

ALPHA



REX

KENYA

Down On The Mutant Farm

Boniface Ndura is a real-life Dr Doolittle with just one difference: All the animals he talks to are horrendously deformed.

Mr Ndura runs the Mutant Animal Sanctuary in Trans-Nzoia, Kenya, where he looks after dozens of three-legged, six-legged and hermaphrodite sheep, goats and dogs, as well as creatures with even weirder deformities and mutations.

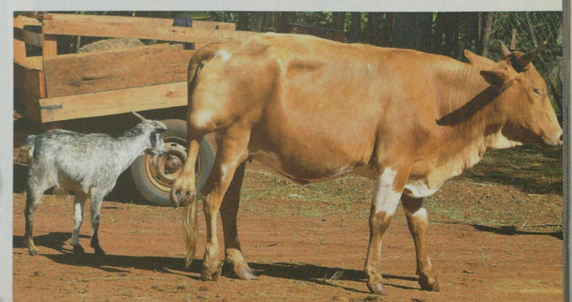
His two sheep are twins with twisted necks and upside-down heads, but they are otherwise healthy. One cow has four horns, three eyes that blink simultaneously, and a cleft palate, and Lex the pet dog has only three legs but according to Mr Ndura he can run faster than any four-footed mutt.

Many of the animals also have sexual abnormalities. Some have no sexual organs, others have more than one anal opening and others are hermaphrodites – one goat even has genitals "similar to those of a man".

Mr Ndura's problems don't end there – all his neighbours think he's crazy and inviting a curse on his family, as locals see these beasts as a bad omen.

The animals have extra limbs, heads and sexual organs (but never forget their manners)

But Mr Ndura doesn't go along with such claptrap. In the four years since opening, dozens of unwanted animals have passed through the gates of Kitale, and they currently number 26 – "these animals need somebody to care for them, even with their differences – as long as there are creatures with eight legs, four mouths, two anuses or upside-down heads, I will be there to welcome them with open arms," he chuckles. ***Greg Hughes***



Bizarre Beauties

Our ladies (and gentleman) open their brains and let all their sexiest secrets flood out. But who deserves to win? Get voting now!

NAME: SIOBHAN **AGE:** 19 **FROM:** CHELTENHAM

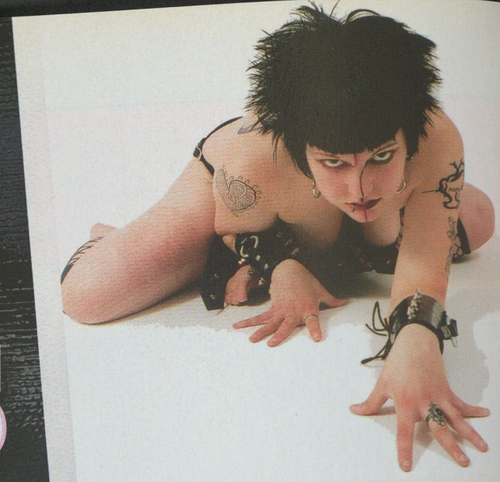
"The oddest place I've had sex was on the fire-exit stairs in a Brighton hotel, then in the lift and then in the bath," Siobhan confesses. She loves "bondage, high heels and Prince Albert piercings," but hates "virgins, dogs and liars."

NAME: DRAVEN **AGE:** 21 **FROM:** GLOUCESTERSHIRE

"My hottest sexual fantasy would involve being sexually seduced then tied down by a group of extremely erotic female vampires dressed in leather teddies. They would then use and abuse me for hours and hours before turning on me."

NAME: TARA **AGE:** 18 **FROM:** GLASGOW

Tara once braved the elements and had sex on a snowy mountain in the



NAME: TRINA **AGE:** 19 **FROM:** ILLINOIS

If Trina could only take one thing to a desert island, it would be "My dominatrix, Liz, as I'd miss her and I'm a very, very bad girl who needs to be punished". Trina's favourite position is "reverse cowgirl with a leash" and she once had sex in a hospital car park.

NAME: BECKY **AGE:** 24 **FROM:** WEST YORKSHIRE

"I enjoy being taken from behind and choked at the same time," says Becky. Her hottest sexual fantasy is "a mean man in scary gloves with rope and pegs" and she once had a knee-trembling episode in an empty newspaper stand.

NAME: SHARL **AGE:** 20 **FROM:** UK

When Sharl is not having sex in playgrounds, she's fond of weeing on her boyfriend's face and dreams of a threesome with Marilyn Manson and Aragorn from *Lord Of The Rings*. A fussy eater, she loves "chicken and cock," but hates "lamb and fanny."

NAME: SARAH **AGE:** 19 **FROM:** LEICESTER

Old romantic Sarah's favourite position is "doggystyle, so I don't have to look at their face." She's tried paddles and handcuffs,

NAME: MRS X **AGE:** ?? **FROM:** ???

Are you the statuesque beauty shown here? We lost your contact details. If you do actually exist and haven't come from a biker magazine or heavy metal poster circa 1985, please get in touch!

VOTE NOW!

WHO'S YOUR HOTTEST BIZARRE BEAUTY?

To vote for your favourite, text 81125 and start your message with the word 'Beauty', followed by their name* or email bizarrecomps@dennis.co.uk

WHO WON LAST TIME?

TURN OVER NOW TO FIND OUT...

YOU CAN BE A BIZARRE BEAUTY!

Send in your pics and complete the form below, and you could win a free photo session with one of the world's best professional photographers, and become a *Bizarre* pin-up!

Name: Daytime contact tel. no:

Age (you must be over 18 to enter): Occupation:

Address:

Who's your ultimate hot'n'throbbing sex symbol?

What's your favourite fantasy?

Name 5 things you LOVE...

Name 5 things you HATE...

If you had to take one thing with you to a desert island what would it be and why?

Answer the following in 15 words or less. I'm this year's ultimate *Bizarre* Babe because:

Send to: *Bizarre*, 30 Cleveland Street, London W1T 4JD or email hi-resolution pics to bizarrebeauties@dennis.co.uk

Send your photos today, either by using this form (or a copy, or a letter giving the same info) or via Bizarremag.com
*Texts cost 25p each plus your standard text-message charge except T-Mobile customers who are only charged 25p

Bizarre Beauties Winner

Candy Girl!

We always strive to recreate our Beauty's favourite fantasy. But when Purple confided she fantasises about having a removable glass eye and being skull-fucked in Willy Wonka's glass elevator by a gang of Oompa Lompas while Mr Wonka helps out with an XL candy cane, we knew we were in trouble. So here's the legal version – no skull-fucking, zero Oompa Lompas and not a sign of Wonka's sticky cane. Instead, we clad Purple in an edible-bra-and-panty ensemble, got her slurping on a huge lolly and she soon forgot about all the other nonsense. We're sure you agree she looks pretty sweet.

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and you can't stop it!
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top dog for music·dvd·games
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Includes brand new documentary 'The Dead Will Walk'
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George A. Romero's
DAY OF THE DEAD
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For these and other classic horror from the likes of Dario Argento and Jess Franco, visit www.arrowfilms.co.uk

THE ACTION GIRLS

When Corny met Horny it was War! With 48FF bazookas! Lock'n'load for hand-to-gland combat

WORDS **CHARLOTTE LEE**

Relax, folks – the search for the most gratuitous concept humankind has ever come up with is over. So please congratulate a man named Scotty, whose website, Actiongirls.com, reaches new levels (or, depending on how you look at it, plunges new depths) of senseless sex and violence.

Scotty lives in California, but spends a lot of his time in the Czech Republic filming porn stars such as Veronica Zemanova and Sylvia Saint running around topless, shooting men with flamethrowers while tanks explode around them. Scotty used to work on kids' videogames until he discovered a friend of his was making $10,000 a month from porn websites, and so, in 1999, he launched XXXspacegirls.com ("Alien sex, things like that"). That led to the creation of Action Girls in 2001, which is one of the most gloriously ridiculous things we've ever seen. For what it's worth, here's the concept in a nutshell, from the website: "Based in the future, the world as we know it has been destroyed. Menacing gangs ravage and loot the cities and towns searching for new members. Follow the Actiongirls each week in their ongoing story of survival, alone and outnumbered they must do what it takes to survive in this hostile world."

We spoke to Scotty in Prague to ask him questions like "What the hell are you thinking of?"

Hi Scotty, what's happening?

I've just been shopping. I've got a shoot tomorrow at 6am, I had to pick up some clothes for a guy who's gonna get killed.

What are you filming?

Tomorrow we're doing scenes with Erica Campbell, she'll be coming into a stripclub, shooting these Mafia guys or whatever behind the counter, one guy goes for a shotgun, she ends up shooting him, and then she shoots two other guys, then one of the strippers attacks her with a knife, so she pulls out her big Rambo knife and slashes her across the chest. Then she'll be fighting two other strippers and she breaks the other one's neck and then smashes the other one's head on the counter a few times. It'll be a bloodbath, because I've got this new blood machine, basically, not a machine, but it fires blood, I dunno, seven metres or so.

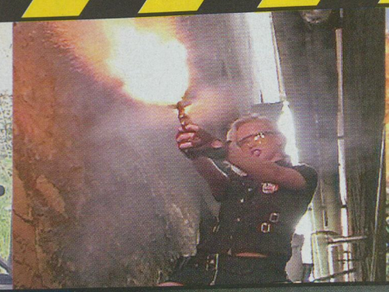
Where did you get that from?

I had it made.

Who makes that?

There's actually a guy out here from England who works in movies, he's an excellent designer, and he drew it and gave it to a guy to make it. It has these different fitting types where you can connect it, so if you want a guy to be a shot in the chest, blood sprays out from the front, or if you want him to be shot in the back of the head, you can have the back of the head come out. I like it because it's really bloody ▶

HIGH CAMP BOOT CAMP



▶ and it's actually cheaper than having squibs.

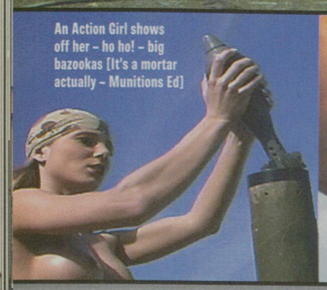
Right. What else have you been filming recently?

I just shot for two days in this Western-type city. Yesterday there was a little bit of stunt action with Erica Campbell – she comes into town, she's rescuing one of her friends, who's in a prison, and a couple of sheriffs are raping her, so she comes in and shoots these guys, rescues her, and they end up on the horses and they shoot a couple of other guys in town, and one guy comes after them on a horse and they end up shooting him and he ends up dragging from the horse, and they drag him through the mud and then he ends up dying. He was supposed to hit a big rock but we didn't have time.

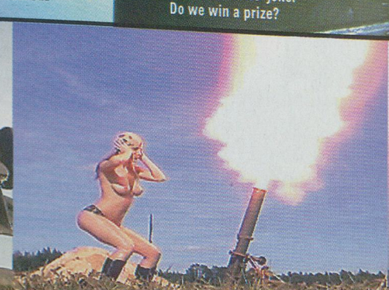
Sure. How did all this come about?

I was out here in the Czech Republic anyway shooting glamour stuff, and this friend of mine, a production manager in the movie business, asked me what I wanted to do next and I thought it would be cool to do something with a flamethrower, and he said "I have it!" And then I said, "How about a tank?" And he said, "I got it!" And he had a tank. That's how it started. It's my dream, I really enjoy it; I like making money of course, but I make money and have a blast at the same time. And I want a reaction, there's so much saturation of normal porn on the web, this stands out like a sore thumb. There so much of girls in beds, girls in flats, girls in bubblebaths, so when you see a girl getting rolled over by a tank, you tend to go, "What the hell's going on there?" So it's a good business plan, to get people to go to the site, but also it's totally what I like to do. It's always been my dream to make action

This is the third issue in a row we've used this cheap 'tanks for the mammaries' joke. Do we win a prize?



An Action Girl shows off her – ho ho! – big bazookas [It's a mortar actually – Munitions Ed]



movies, I love Indiana Jones and Rambo, but this is a hell of a lot more fun to me. It's like being at Disneyland every day.

Where do you get a tank from?

Well, you get so many Hollywood movies out here because it's cheaper, so there are movie studios here, gun people, you have access to those kinds of things. And we're pretty good at making deals with people, and I've been lucky. And the site's becoming a lot more than what you see there now. At first it was just girls with guns because that's all I could afford, the next year was tanks and more army vehicles, the third year was zombies, martial arts, a little bit of ninjas, this year I'm adding Westerns, elephants, tigers...

Elephants?

Yes. Ha! And there'll be a naked girl with rats all over her body. Cockroaches... um... there'll be a man attacked by a couple of pitbulls...

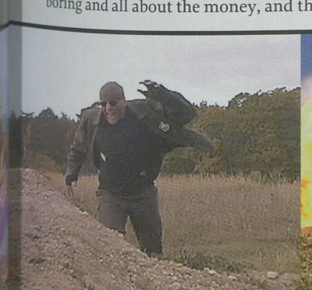
But what happens with the elephants?!

Well, we got a guy over here who owns some animals, privately – he's got elephants, he's got camels, lions, alligators, grizzly bears, whatever I need. I just shot some of it but I haven't actually put the girl on the elephant yet because three days ago he had four people on the elephant and it fell over and crushed them. So I'm kind of a little bit scared at this point of doing that.

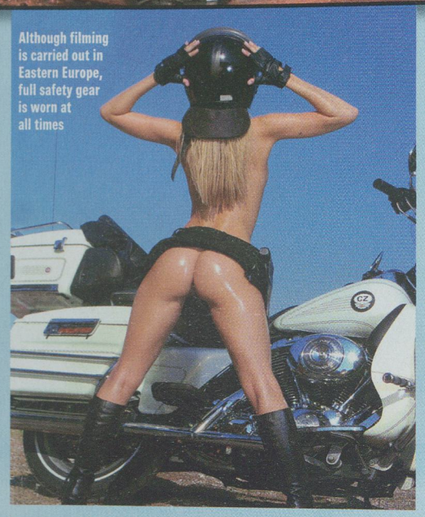
What do the girls make of all this?

Well, it depends on the girl, from doing the castings I can figure it out. The girls who don't like it end up being just disposable characters who get killed, and the ones who like it end up being more hero girls. It's not an easy job, it's not just posing in a flat, I tell them up front it's hard work, they're gonna be bruised, they're gonna be hurting, they're gonna be sore... after shooting with me they're totally destroyed. When we're filming a fight scene I might need them to swing a punch at full power 20 times to get 20 different takes, different angles, so the models tend to start using muscles they're not used to using. But the girls fucking love it, because the business can be really boring and all about the money, and this is fun. ▶

"I haven't put the girl on the elephant yet, because three days ago it fell over and crushed everyone on it"



▶ So what do you provide in the way of weapons and stunt training?
Oh they get training, but I don't have the budget to train them in advance. So I ask questions at the castings, that normal people aren't asking them, like "Can you ride a motorcycle, can you ride horses, can you fight?" They're not your typical questions on an erotic shoot.
How much do you spend on these films?
Each year the budget doubles, triples, quadruples. Overall I've probably burned two, three million dollars on the site.
Is it very profitable?
Ha ha ha! Well over. I do very well financially. And I've only put one DVD out. It's been very successful. Playboy just bought 120 of them to sell, and if they end up selling they're gonna take 2,000 of them.
What would you do if you had Hollywood budgets?
Oh my God. It would be hilarious. You know ever since *Braveheart* you've had these giant climactic battle scenes, like *Lord Of The Rings* with 3,000 people fighting, can you imagine 3,000 naked girls with swords, dragons, and some sex action going on? That would be nuts. I would like to show 50 tanks coming over a hill, and you think it's *Saving Private Ryan 2*, and then suddenly in the foreground Zemanova pops up naked. With a big machinegun, taking them out like Rambo.



Although filming is carried out in Eastern Europe, full safety gear is worn at all times

Do you get feedback from customers, do people request particular types of storylines?
Oh yeah! I've got a lot of gun fanatics, they can tell everything about which guns are used, they tell me if I haven't used a real Magnum, they're real fanatics. And there are guys who send in complete ideas and scripts, at least seven times a week.
Like?
A lot of dominating stuff. Either something to do with killing, or... there was one guy, I guess he had a boot fetish, and he wanted to see some girls kicking a guy in the face, but they had

"Imagine 30 tanks coming over a hill like *Private Ryan*, then up pops a naked girl"

to be specific boots, they couldn't have heels, like motorcycle boots. I've got some videos where the girls are shooting the guns and not actually killing anyone, and some guys have fantasies, which are twisted, about getting killed. They ask me to add sounds of guys dying, and to me that's a bit corny.
Corny?! Surely everything about Action Girls is corny.
Oh yeah, of course, but there's limits. Obviously girls running around naked with guns, OK. But on the same note why does Chuck Norris have to run around with *his* shirt off shooting a gun. I mean why can't he put his fucking armour on? Because sex sells, and the girls that are watching it have to be turned on, like with Vin Diesel in *XXX*. Come on, look at the acting there. And he takes his shirt off and the girls go "Woo-hoo!" With Action Girls I'm capitalising on the two biggest-selling things, sex and violence. Whether that's corny or not, to me it's like half the shit they make in movies is cornball. You have to throw logic out the window constantly. But on the other hand, OK, I've got this guy who wants the girl to stick her beaver on the machinegun and fire it and rub her crotch on it. The problem with that is the machinegun gets hot and it would literally burn her lips off. There's just certain things you can't do.

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SUICIDE GIRLS

Bizarre goes for a night on the tiles with the internet's sexiest sirens... and lives to tell the tale

Bosom buddies Jezabel and Brit get up-close-and-personal

Clockwise from left: Fanny, Vicky, Brit, Jezabel and Toy

suicidegirls.com

WORDS **KATE HODGES**
PHOTOS **JOE PLIMMER / SUICIDEGIRLS.COM**

I'm bent over a railing on a balcony in a smoky, sweaty, heaving nightclub, laughing hard. Beside me, two beautiful, skinny chicks with tattoos are kissing each other. They smile across at two of their friends, one with a tightly laced-up corset and patent platform shoes, the other in a little halter-necked top. They have their legs hooked round a pole, beers in hand, gyrating. Laughing with each other. The club is packed with people. And all of them are watching the display. Boys are hard. Girls are cheering. The last member of the gang turns to me. "We were meant to be playing it down tonight," she grins, wryly. The girls are all Suicide Girls. This is just a normal night out for them. This is what they do. Right now, in this club, at this time, laughing with these ladies, I can see why 800 eager models a month are applying to join them.

You know the Suicide Girls website. Its Hubba Bubba pink background frames glossy, deeply colour-saturated pictures of girls. Sexy girls. Naked girls. But they aren't 'models'. They're proper, real girls. The kind of girl who's the coolest chick in your hometown, pierced and tattooed. The girl who would always get to hang out with visiting cool bands, who could whip up stupid cocktails in 30 seconds flat, and who danced like a woman possessed at the front of shows. The girl who would flip you the bird, then dance on a table and grind her butt in your face. The kind of girl who wouldn't bother to call skinny boys in jeans after screwing them senseless. The kind of girl you wouldn't *actually* get to see naked in a thousand nights out. But for only $4 a month, now you can. Anyway, why are we bothering to tell you this? You read *Bizarre*. You know the Suicide Girls.

Missy and Sean Suicide run the site. They set it up in the summer of 2001, as an art project. Both came from a punk background, Missy was a music journalist for ▶

Social Suicide: The Girls get cosy as the shots kick in

▶ a while. They never expected the site to be getting half-a-million different visitors a week, as it is now. Their cool credentials are impeccable. They come from the grindingly hip area of Portland, Oregon. They named the site after a term coined by Chuck Palahniuk. And Missy, at least, is in love with the golden age, and ethos, of pin-up photography. She's talking to *Bizarre* on a crackly phoneline from LA. The office team (most of them ex- or current Girls) have recently relocated there from Portland. Ironically, just a few miles from the hub of the mainstream porn industry.

Missy explains why she was inspired to set up the site: "I didn't really see anyone in the mainstream media who looked like me and my friends, and I wanted to photograph these girls using the same sensibilities as the classic pin-up photographers. To show inner strength and confidence. The first girl I shot was Rose. She was my neighbour. Voltaire and Anais, they were also among the first. After I got the photos back, I realised they had so much to say, and so much to share with the world, I put them on a website. Then it seemed a shame to have just the pictures up, so we added journals for the girls and messageboards. We had no idea what it would become. And all those original girls are still Suicide Girls." Now there are over 700 girls, with new ones added weekly. There are 52 in Britain.

Bizarre's night out with our five favourite UK Suicide Girls starts at the Crobar, in Soho. Fanny, Brit, Toy, Vicky, and Jezabel all know each other well. Very well. They start laughing and shouting as soon as they enter the dingy bar, and within two minutes are discussing the spanking sessions that happened purely for fun after last weekend's European SG Burlesque tour auditions. Fanny landed a spot on the tour. She's the Aussie Dita von Teese lookalike, and is hilariously rude. She tells how, the previous week, she stuck ice cubes up Jezabel's butt, "Well! It was hot! Cooled her down pretty quick though," she chortles.

Jezabel is more of an Amazon, her blonde hair and perfect-pin-up figure covered in 1950s-style tattoos. She hangs out with punk bands, and is extremely politically active. She wants to open her own dungeon. She joined the site because she got to "perv on all the other girls". Like all the others, she is supremely, totally, and utterly confident.

Brit is not just confident, she oozes awareness, archness, a sharp wit, and grown-up sexiness. Although she's not *that* grown-up. Her latest hobby is snorting Jameson whisky. "It hurts like hell for a bit, and then you go oooaaaahhh!!!" she says, "and it doesn't really get you drunk. I was doing it the other night. Got in at 4.30, up at 7, and had a photoshoot the next day. I looked horrible." Brit is the girl that you wish people saw when they looked at you. Or, for boys, the girl you fantasise about, but know, in your heart of hearts, you really have no means of handling.

Vicky drinks Jack Daniel's and Coke. She laughs, "No-one was surprised when I did Suicide Girls. Some of my friends said they expected it of me. Vicky is all 1950s corsets and pencil skirts. She can skip across gutters in heels that are designed only for wearing on legs slung around someone's neck.

Toy is Italian. She's a photographer, and joined the site after her tutor at college showed it to the class. She explains why she joined Suicide Girls, "I was fed up of hearing people saying things like "You would be such a pretty girl if it wasn't for that hair and those piercings...", When I saw Suicide Girls for the first time I was so psyched about it, it was proof that women can be utterly beautiful and sexy with piercings, tattoos and crazy hair."

Everyone in the bar is gawping at the group of supersassy girls talking fast and noisily on the table in the middle of the room. The girls are pretty much oblivious to the attention. They're talking about when SGs meet up. They're often hired for events, to meet members of the site, to hang out at shows, or to perform their live burlesque show. Their show is, according to Fanny, made up of "tits and ass. But thematic tits and ass." The meetings seem to be a fine excuse for the girls to hang out with their friends from the site. "Sometimes you forget how young some of the Suicide Girls are," declares Fanny. "We'll be out doing a show or something, and you'll all be talking, and they'll say things like, 'What if he tries putting it in the wrong hole?' and you'll say 'Well, once it's in there, wherever it is, you might as well just get on with it.' And they'll goggle at you." The bar falls silent.

We get to the bar, and drink another round. Jagerbombs this time – Jagermeister shots mixed with Red Bull. Shortly after we down the drinks, ▶

"THANK GOD SOMEONE HAS BENEFITED FROM THE INTERNET. IT'S NOT JUST EBAY AND AMAZON. SOMEBODY HAS MADE A NAME THAT'S NOT JUST MONETARY BUT A CULTURAL ICON."

CHUCK PALAHNIUK ON THE SUICIDE GIRLS

SUICIDE GIRLS: THE LEGACY

WORDS DENISE STANBOROUGH

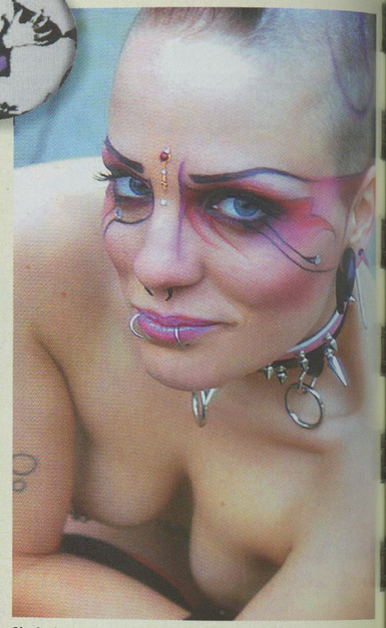
The Suicide Girls aren't the only .alt girl gang to spring up on the internet posing in their underwear. There are plenty of sites dedicated to ordinary girls with extraordinary looks who are more than happy to give us an eyeful of their wares. There are ladies of every persuasion; small, big, short, tall, pink hair, blue hair, tattoos, bod mods, straight, bi and gay. These girls aren't untouchable either – you can speak to them in the chatrooms, find out what clubs they go to and check out their daily movements from the diary pages. Log on to find the girl of your dreams, over and over again...

BURNINGANGEL.COM

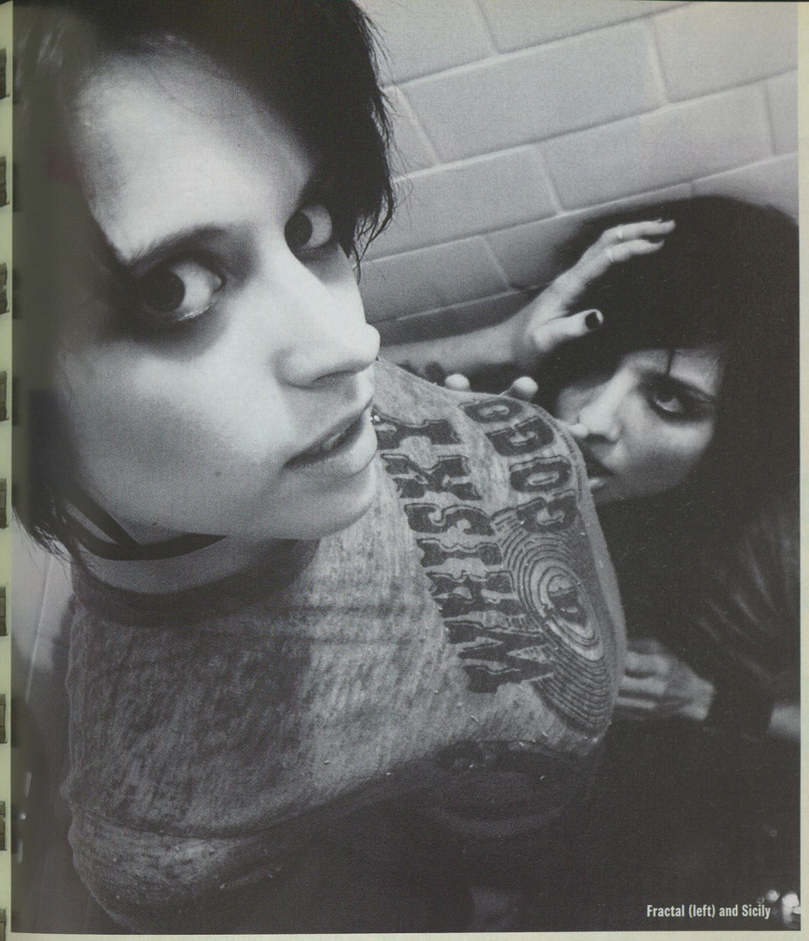
Originally just another porn site, Burningangel changed paths and morphed into a place where web geeks could ogle hot chicks and read an interview with The Distillers at the same time. The girls are a fusion of raw sex and rock'n'roll and do a bit more than flash a lacy bra or a nipple. It's more full-on than the Suicide Girls. There's the spreading of bum cheeks, insertion of kitchen utensils and, of course, a bit of lesbian activity. What's even better is the girls are not professional porn stars, they're the sexy tattooed ladies you see at a gig or at the local supermarket, and they regularly step out from behind the computer screen to promote the site at rock and punk concerts across America.

"THE GREAT THING ABOUT THE SUICIDE GIRLS IS THAT THEY COMPLETELY TEAR DOWN THAT PAMELA ANDERSON IMAGE. THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL LADIES WITH CRAZY TATTOOS, PIERCINGS AND DREADLOCKS"

DAVE GROHL



Clockwise from left: Lixy; Committed; Geeva; Voltaire; Loe



Fractal (left) and Sicily

Jezabel starts spanking a middle-aged man with an electric fly swat. He has a smile the size of a slice of watermelon across his face. We leave shortly afterwards.

After a detour to a local sex shop, where the girls cause havoc by sticking an electric-shock sex machine up each other's skirts, we head to another bar. Sitting in the formerly quiet and tranquil beer garden the girls chat about weird experiences they've had on the site. Members can email girls. Most of the emails are of the 'I've just wanked over your pictures' variety, "which are great to read at nine in the morning at work", says Fanny. Brit tells us about her special friend she's made on the site: "I've got a gimp in America, who's actually become a really good 'friend'. He's 45, and a writer. Extremely intelligent, and I've actually continued to keep in touch with him. I give him tasks to do, like go to the shop and buy fresh rosemary and a pair of stockings. Take one of those stockings, fill it with the rosemary, put it over your bath's hot tap, lie in the bath. When you smell that smell, write me a story, which involves one woman, a man, and a chair. And it has to be with me by 7pm Wednesday. And he delivers on time!"

We talk about the site members. Fanny describes them: "I thought they'd be these massive, pervy old guys. But most members are under 30, into their music. It's an online community, so if you stay there, you're there for more than the girls. They're creative – animators, photographers. They're cool." But it must be weird meeting ▶

Jezabel dishes out a thoroughly merited electric-fly-swatting

SUICIDE GIRLS: THE LEGACY

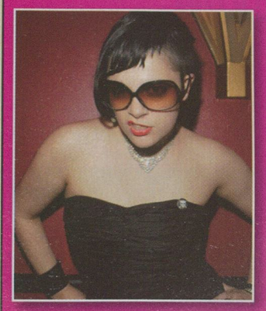
INKYGIRLS.COM

These girls have got more than a Chinese symbol tattooed on their shoulder. In between getting their assets out, you'll also catch a glimpse of intricate flowers cascading down a silky thigh or a winged beast across a taut stomach. And they don't pretend to be doing anything different: "The site concept isn't anything new – InkyGirls.com features girls with ink. Plain and simple." A small community of sexy ladies who enjoy showing off their flesh etchings while striking a kitsch pose or performing a sexy striptease.

Toy gets a mouthful – and swallows...

MEET THE UK SUICIDE GIRLS

These are the ladies that led us astray



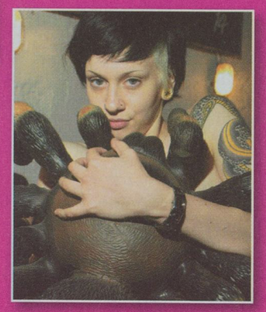
BRIT

A SUICIDE GIRL SINCE: *SUMMER 2004*

BECAME ONE BECAUSE: "I am a terrible exhibitionist. Some people will say it's some sort of rebellion at my relatively good upbringing, but close friends of mine know it's because I love what I have and it's only a matter of time before gravity gets hold. You're only young once!"

WAS DRINKING: Beer, bloodshots.

"I'm comfortable with what I'm doing and, contrary to what people may think, it's usually the people who recognise me who look uncomfortable because they know – that I know – that they have been looking at my boobies."



TOY

A SUICIDE GIRL SINCE: *EARLY 2004*

BECAME ONE BECAUSE: "My photography teacher at college had told us about this great website showing tasteful nude photographs and all managed by girls…"

WAS DRINKING: Vodka and orange.

"I feel that after years of being unhappy with my own body I'm finally accepting it, I'm feeling good with all its imperfections and I am confident enough to show it naked. You can believe me when I say it's a pretty good feeling."

FANNY

A SUICIDE GIRL SINCE: *NOVEMBER 2004*

BECAME ONE BECAUSE: "I'd been doing work since about 2001 with a photographer in Sydney. I have never had any problems getting my junk out and flashing it around. So when I decided to move to the UK, my then piece of ass was like, *'Why don't you become a Suicide Girl?'* and I was like, *'Oh! Tell me more.'* Literally two minutes on the site and I had applied."

WAS DRINKING: Jack Daniel's and Coke.

"I've only done one shoot for this site so far, and that involved me being submerged in 17kg of cherries. So you could say that was kinda fun. I did another, but it was too lesbotronic to get put up on the site. When Nadine shot me a while ago, I dropped my pants and bent right over in front of her lens, to which she screamed *'OHMIGWAD THERE'S A FANNY IN MY EYE!!'*. It has now become the catchphrase for every time I flash my gash."

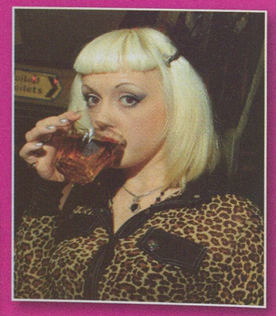
JEZABEL

A SUICIDE GIRL SINCE: *AUGUST 2004*

BECAME ONE BECAUSE: "A friend told me about the site, I had a look and thought, wow, for once there's a good site of hot tattooed naked chicks! And I obviously wanted to be one too, I guess I'm a bit of an exhibitionist."

WAS DRINKING: Cider.

"My mum isn't a fan but it's come to a point now where it's my life and it's my decision. She'd rather I didn't do it because… well, I think the word she used was 'sordid'. But she doesn't know the site well enough to make that kind of judgement. We decided not to talk about it any more. My brother is cool, he's quite laid back and I think he likes boasting to his mates that his little sister is an SG."



VICKY

A SUICIDE GIRL SINCE: *SEPTEMBER 2003*

BECAME ONE BECAUSE: "For a while it seemed just like a dream that would never be realised. Then I met Lisa my first photographer, who is also a member, and everything fell into place."

WAS DRINKING: Jack Daniel's and Coke.

"I recently found out that the bar I used for my 'In The Crobar' set had CCTV! Also, I was posing on all fours on the bar and an old couple dropped in to fill up the fag machine! The look on their faces was hysterical!"-

▶ people who've wanked over you? Fanny grins, "I went to a meet, and I met this guy who said, 'You know, I can go home right now and I can see your tits on the internet, does that bother you?' No. It doesn't." Brit sounds a note of caution, though, and says, "I've got friends, who I've hung out with for ages. And sometimes, I'll go out with them, and they won't be able to look me in the eye. And I'll think "You've been looking at my titties, haven't you?" and they'll try and deny it." Jezabel chimes in, "I've got friends who are members, and who ask me if it's OK if they go and look at my pictures. And I'll be, like, dude, if I didn't want you to, I wouldn't do it."

With 500,000 unique visitors a week to the site, the girls do get recognised, especially when they are out together. Fanny says, "The weirdest was at a Le Tigre gig at the start of the year. This girl just came up to me all wide-eyed and started gushing, "You're Fanny Suicide aren't you? I've seen photos of you! You're so fantastic, great, amazing... and then when she realised we had similar bags she almost started hyperventilating. I admit I was kinda rude and ran away. It was a little too weird for me."

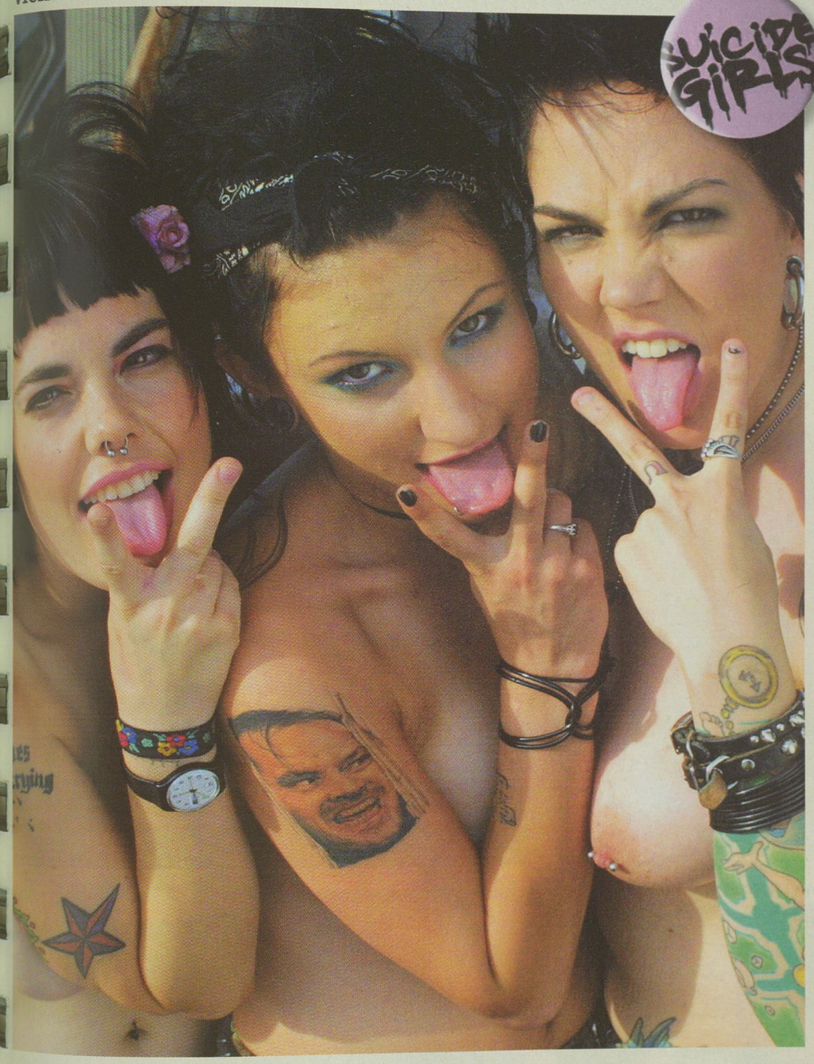
The five girls leading *Bizarre* astray in Soho are, physically, utterly different to each other. The site stipulates that models should be "unique, strong, sexy and confident". Of course, as well as that, most of them are skinny, heartbreakingly pretty, and have great tits, but, as Missy says, "Most of these girls wouldn't be seen in fashion magazines, or girls in the Abercrombie and Fitch Catalogue. They're real women. Girls that are 6ft tall, and those who are barely 5ft. There are girls that are size 18. Girls that are 19 and girls that are 35." Piercings are seen as a virtue, tattoos badges of honour. "Most of my friends frown at my tattoos," says Vicky, "this lot are, like, get moooore!!!"

Our screaming, giggling group attracts attention. We walk down Old Compton Street on the way to our final destination, the White Heat night at Madame Jo Jos. Every passer-by gawps at the girls. They are turning gay men straight, straight women bent, and I swear, lesbians are melting into the pavements. When Toy twirls around a scaffolding pole, playfully, the entire queue of people outside the club grin. People hiring the girls for their events get a good deal. A couple of hundred quid, and they get the most popular, sexiest, and willing-to-take-their-clothes-off-and-dance-on-the-tables girls in town.

The girls, however, don't do this full time. Jezabel recently got sacked from her job at a bookshop for shooting a set of pictures in there. "Whoever told ▶

"PIERCINGS ARE A VIRTUE, TATTOOS BADGES OF HONOUR"

VICKY SUICIDE

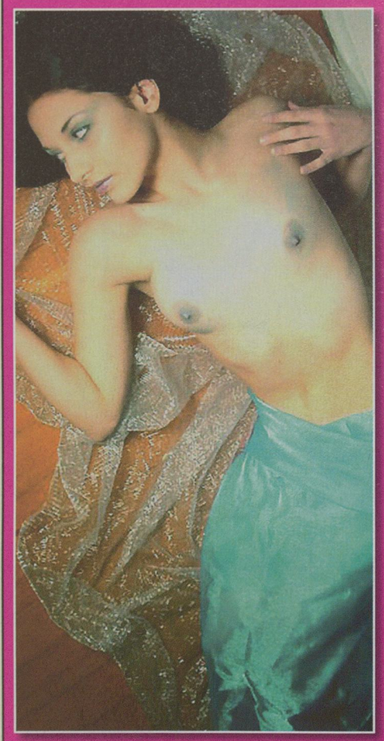


Clockwise from above: (l-r) Aiki, Maggie and Katie show you what they really think of you; Fractal; Al

SUICIDE GIRLS: THE LEGACY

THATBIRDSNEST.COM

"The women you see here are all genuinely a part of my life; some are best friends, some are more casual friends, and some are lovers." The girls are ardent feminists who are empowering themselves by getting their junk out for your enjoyment and are linked in some way to 'Bird', who is the website founder and photographs all the girls while happily getting involved in a bit of lady-loving herself. Everyone posts meaningful rantings about love and life and has an in-depth profile about how they met and who they are. There's Isabella, who "wears her bare skin as naturally as most people wear clothing", and Aerlinn, who likes "girls with glasses, lip gloss and knee-high boots". If you like your women strong-willed, independent and in-yer-face, then sign yourself up for a lifelong subscription.



Clockwise from above: Alexis with 'Krusty's Posse'; Quinn and Reagan; Marie (l) and Brandy

"DO I MIND THAT MY FRIENDS GO HOME AND LOOK AT MY TITS ON THE INTERNET? OF COURSE NOT, I WOULDN'T DO IT IF I DIDN'T LIKE IT..."

JEZABEL SUICIDE

on me must have been a member *and* working with me," she frowns. They do get paid for each shoot that's used, but not enough to pay rent on a London flat. They also have a willing army of fans who buy items on their 'wishlists' for them regularly. But they have a pretty good idea where the money is going. Missy Suicide stutters slightly when I ask her where the Suicide Millions are deposited. "Well," she says, "we put a lot back into the site, and into stuff like the picturebook and DVD." She halts. "But I drive a Toyota, not a BMW. None of us are rich off the back of it." I wonder. But it seems churlish to begrudge them some cash off the back of something so positive. Unlike seedy porn sites, you know that each girl is in control of how she is presented on the site, that they haven't been coerced into their shoots, and that they get to present a rounded picture of who they are, through their diaries and comments on the site.

The night ends in chaos. Snogging, beer-spilling, purse-losing, pole-dancing, sweating, getting told off by barstaff, butt-shaking, being naughty, cheeky, stupid. That's what being a Suicide Girl is about, the naked web shots are just a tiny part of the whole.

Every one of the girls we were out with told us the best thing about being an SG was the friendships she'd made through the site. The best thing about being a Suicide Girl is meeting other Suicide Girls. As Jezabel says: "We'd all be hanging out at the same places anyway. But we might not have ever spoken to each other. But thanks to SG we've met up. We're all so similar," Brit adds, dryly. "Well, we're all naked on the internet, aren't we?"

***Suicide Girls: The First Tour* DVD is due for release 30 August on Epitaph Records. For more information pay a visit to Epitaph.com** ▶

Pole-sisters: Toy and Fanny put the moves on each other

SUICIDE GIRLS: THE LEGACY

MANICJANE.COM

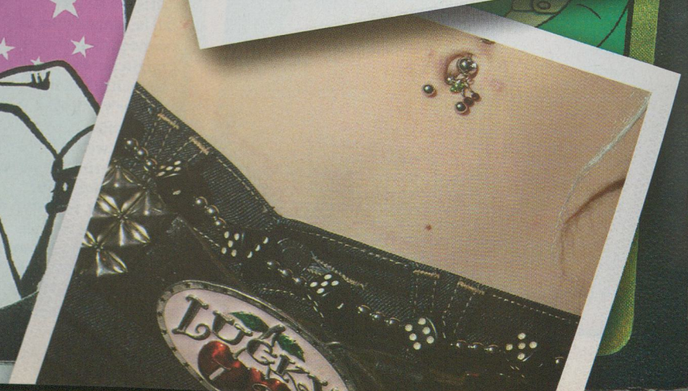
"We're not just 'alt-girls', but instead any type, any body size, any color, any age," claim the women on this site. Which means you don't have to be a stick insect with melons for tits to get your picture uploaded. Despite their pleas for any type of girl, there aren't many with a face like a burning tyre – it's kind of like Suicide Girls leftovers, but they're still pretty hot. They also allow a few guys to slip through the net, plus the odd mature lady, which is refreshing. Everyone is catered for, but be warned: they require 'tasteful' full nudity shots before you're even considered as a possible model.

SO YOU WANNA BE A SUICIDE GIRL?

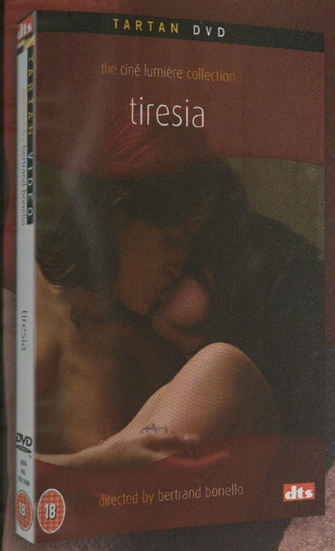
There are few rules for photosets. The girls start off dressed, and end up naked. The shoots have to be of a certain quality. Anyone can send in pics (in fact, one of the most popular messageboards consists of posts containing shots from would-be SGs). Missy says: "Be yourself. Do it because you want to. The site is quite popular, so if there's anyone in the world you don't want to find out about it, they probably will! You should be confident about your decision. You should be comfortable with your body. You should practise posing in the mirror before you send your photos, it helps to know what you look like naked. No matter how silly or how serious you feel, you shouldn't be afraid to be yourself. We've had shoots from girls posing with poop monsters, to those making very strong, bold statements, both political and about their bodies. You can tell when a girl is being herself, comfortable. You should feel passionate and strong about what you're doing. There are girls on the site of all shapes and sizes. The great girls have a quick wit. If someone says something to you, and a few minutes later you think, 'Oh! I should have said that to them'? Well, a Suicide Girl is the one who can say that right on cue."

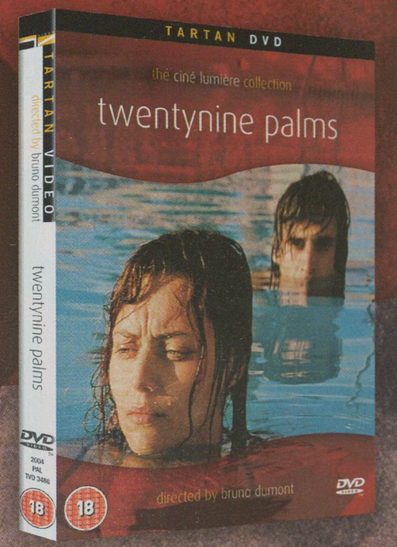
Touching moment: Jezabel and Fanny get hands-on

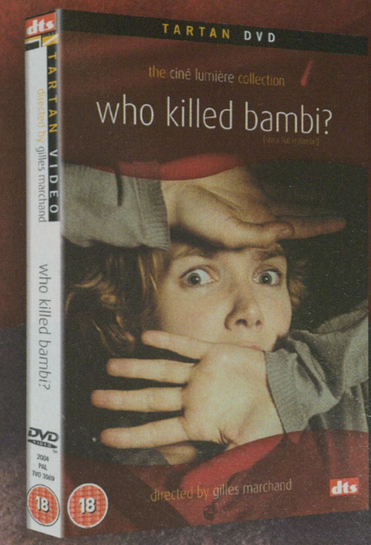
Cheeky Girl: Jezabel feels the squeeze from some attentive digits



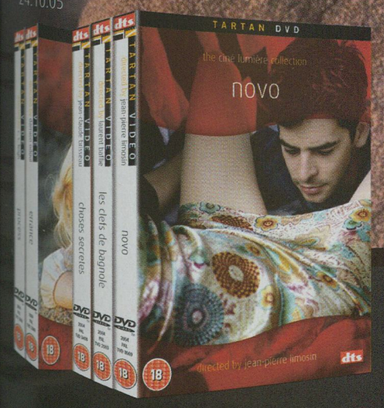
the ciné lumière collection







"A collection of films celebrating the artistry, innovation and provocation of contemporary French Cinema"



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A Slut demonstrates what happens if you pass the salt to the left at one of her dinner parties

"That's enough rape and evisceration. Let's rock!"

GORE WHORES

WORDS **DENISE STANBOROUGH**

From nun-rape to, er, sword-rape, goth bitches The Satanic Sluts know the true meaning of horror. Nice girls, though

The lights go down in a dark, dank club and the smoke machine is turned up to the max, choking the sweaty people hanging off the edge of the stage. A sexy girl in a kimono walks onstage with a stunning raven-haired girl and they sit and drink saki together. Suddenly, the oriental party turns nasty; the beverages have been spiked and the kimono girl is left groggy and helpless. The other girl grabs her roughly, lays her on a table, rips open her robes and proceeds to rape her with a samurai sword as blood explodes all over the stage and the audience go wild. This is the type of show you can expect from The Satanic Sluts.

These blood-hungry hussies are the brainchild of Salvation Films, who specialise in Euro cult, horror and erotic thrillers. They dreamed up the idea of bringing together a bunch of sexy goth girls to attract people to their website in 2002. Three years later and the army of 'Sluts' has grown to over 100 girls from all over the world, some of whom get together to perform a show every month or so on the London club circuit.

Each girl is encouraged to delve into the dark depths of her soul to come up with themes for each show. Shadowjen (known to her parents as Jenny) has been in the troupe since its inception.

"We did a good crucifixion show at Easter," she says. "After the show I still had fake bruising around my eye and blood on my face... people were stopping me along the street to ask if I was alright."

The Satanic Sluts attract a wide range of girls, who either live the goth/fetish lifestyle or have a performance background and enjoy pushing the boundaries of their art with depraved creativity. Each show is different. On one night the theme might be child abuse, the next nun-rape and vampire sex.

Things don't always go smoothly. One Slut thought it would be a good idea to replace the fake knives with real ones. "She was banned from performing – she practically slit the other girl's wrists and the girl ended up in hospital," says Shadowjen. "We were all warned afterwards that we must not compromise each other's safety – that is taken very seriously."

With a DVD nearly completed and a tour lined up for next year, The Satanic Sluts are boldly marching forward with hopes of taking the shows outside the UK and hooking up with their American counterparts. Discover them for yourself at Satanic-sluts.com.

Gothic Lolita band Razorblade Kisses indulge in some mild lezzing off

Gothic Lolitas

Lace up your boots and hitch up your petticoats: Dickensian chic hits Tokyo

WORDS **KATE HODGES**

Take a stroll through Tokyo's Yoyogi Park, near the Meiji Shrine, on any Sunday, and you'll bump into gaggles of girls sporting bonnets, frills, lace, and parasols, their faces pale and doll-like. Their stick-thin legs are encased in striped, knee-length socks, and anchored by heavy, platform Mary Jane shoes. Meanwhile, boys twirl canes and wear elegantly draped Edwardian suits. Even babies sport sober, black-frilled outfits. In the week, these girls and boys dress conventionally, go to school or the office, then home every night to their parents, but at the weekends, they become 'elegant gothic lolitas'. A distant relative of the UK's pierced and moody precinct goths, they're part of a cult with such a prescribed way of dressing that the most popular magazine they follow is called *The Gothic And Lolita Bible*.

Japanese kids are always so precise. If they become a punk, they look the part, utterly; if they are into 50s rock'n'roll, they sport perfect quiffs, jeans turned up to the nearest millimetre. Traditionally, Japanese kids have co-opted Western youth cults, but the ornate elegance of the Gothic Lolitas originated in Japan. The cult sprang from the 'visual rock' scene of bands, the most well-known of which was Malice Mizer. Mana, the lead singer of the band, was a cross-dressing hero to Japanese girls. Malice Mizer's music was a bizarre blend of classical, pompous metal, and dramatic French pop, and its followers dressed in ever more over-the-top outfits, culminating in the formation of the Gothic Lolita cult.

In 1999, the band broke up, but Mana went on to create his own fashion line, Moi-meme-Moitie, and a new band, Moi Dix Mois. And the girls and boys who dressed as Gothic Lolitas grew in number.

As the cult has spread, aficionados around the world have taken on the look. There are elements in common with disaffected European and American kids – the stripy socks, the *Nightmare Before Christmas* merchandise, for instance. And although the prescribed Gothic Lolita labels are difficult to track down (and fit into – the clothes are designed for the smaller-framed Japanese), bands such as The Dresden Dolls have still taken the look, and popularised it among Westerners.

Razor Blade Kisses are a UK band that have adopted the EGL look. They say, "We've always been intrigued by Japanese fashion, what with all the anime and alternative fashions. Since the music we do is based heavily on a whimsical childhood nostalgia and fairy tales, the EGL style fits very well." And, as vocalist Layla says, "you can get away with murder if you dress like a dolly!"

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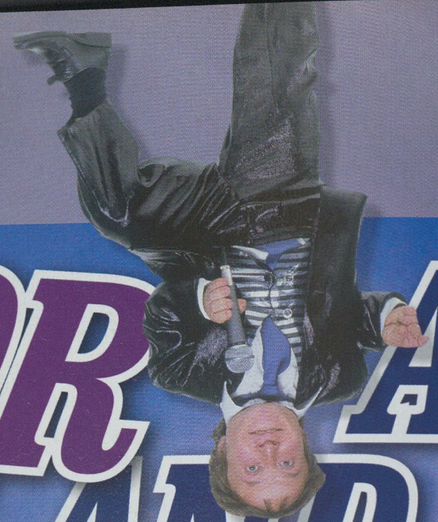


TERROR AT THREE-AND-A-HALF FEET

Vertically challenged action man David Rappaport could have been the biggest little star in Hollywood, if only he hadn't drunk an ocean of booze, smoked a forest of dope and developed a self-destructive streak that was as wide as he was short...

WORDS **RICHARD LUCK**

May 1990, and a man walks his Irish wolfhounds in LA's Laurel Canyon Park. Struggling to control his giant beasts, the dog owner has no choice but to follow the pooches when they head off towards a thicket. There, the hounds discover something in the undergrowth. At first, the man assumes it must be a doll, but on closer inspection it turns out to be a very small man. Seeing blood pouring from a wound in the body's chest, he pulls out his mobile and places a frantic call to the authorities. When the police ask him about the nature of his inquiry, the man says he's found a dead tramp.

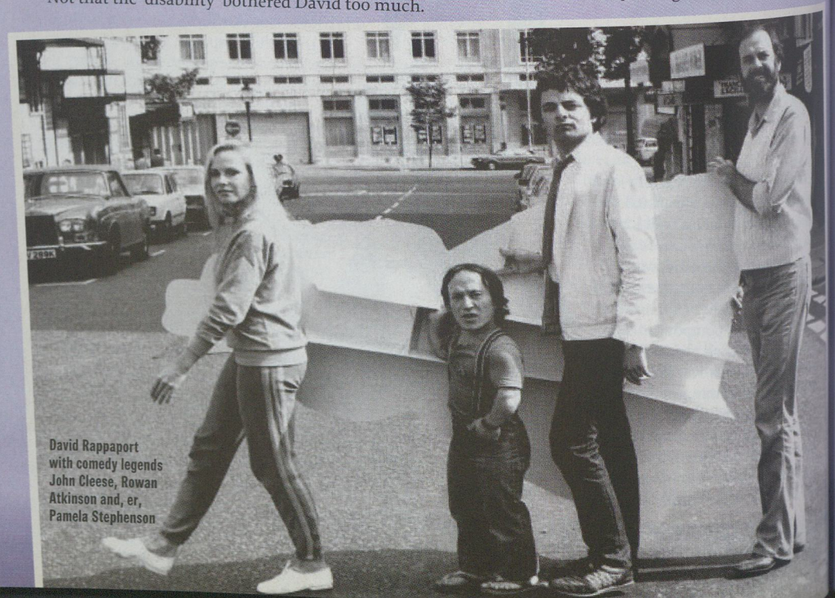
But the body wasn't that of a transient. It was David Rappaport, star of *Time Bandits* and *Tiswas*, associate of Spike Milligan and Terry Gilliam, and arguably the most famous dwarf on the planet. Rappaport's journey from stardom to suicide is a tragic story, coloured by epic amounts of drinking, screwing and drug-taking.

At 3ft 11in, the *LA Law* actor had to jump to switch on his living-room lights. Short as he was, though, there was nothing small about Rappaport's appetites. He was a man for whom too much was never enough. Being the greatest dwarf actor on Earth wasn't enough either, his frustrations over failing to secure mainstream success driving him mad, before they drove him to Laurel Canyon and suicide.

Rappaport was born in London on 23 November 1951. His mother, Dinah, was immediately aware there was something special about her child – "his hands were like two bunches of canary bananas" – but eight months passed before doctors diagnosed Rappaport as an achondroplastic dwarf. Achondroplastic dwarfism stunts limb growth and raises the pitch of the voice. Relatively rare – the NHS estimates one case per 25,000 babies – Rappaport's condition meant he only grew as tall as a seven-year-old.

Not that the 'disability' bothered David too much. He was a self-assured, popular child, whose confidence shot up when he went to Bristol University to study psychology. Actor Chris Langham, now the star of *The Thick Of It* and *People Like Us*, was also a Bristol undergraduate when he first ran into Rappaport.

"David was already acting when I met him,"



David Rappaport with comedy legends John Cleese, Rowan Atkinson and, er, Pamela Stephenson

MIRRORPIX, MPTV/LFI, REX FEATURES, CAMERA PRESS, SCOPE

David Rappaport and Ralph Richardson, with assorted little people, on the set of *Time Bandits*. Rappaport detested the other dwarfs, and refused to eat with them

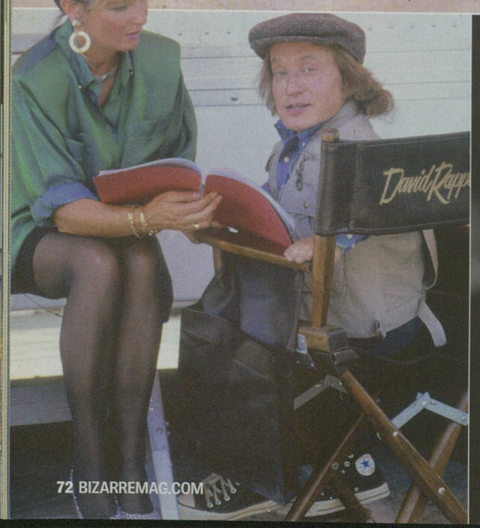
"David had to jump to turn the lights on but was the best pound-for-pound drinker I ever met. His favourite tipple was a whiskey concoction that could tranquillise an elephant with ADHD"

remembers Langham today. "He was appearing in a student revue. I was directing another revue and I wanted him in it. When I met him, I got down on my haunches to talk to him. Then David got down on his haunches too. So I sat down on the floor. He did the same. By the end, we were both lying on the floor with our noses touching."

Both the revue and Rappaport proved a great success, and after sell-out runs at the Edinburgh Festival and in the West End, David was inundated with offers of representation. But exciting as London might have seemed, Rappaport decided to go back to his studies. So, for a while, everything was quite normal – David moved in with his girlfriend Jane, he graduated and found work as a teacher, the couple married and had a baby boy. Then Chris Langham received a phone call from Ken Campbell. One of British theatre's more eccentric figures, Campbell needed someone to play an anarchist dwarf in his new production, *Illuminatus!*. "I told Ken I knew just the chap," recalls Langham. "So Ken rang David, and that was it – he stopped teaching and became an actor."

Running a shade over eight hours, *Illuminatus!* was an odd vehicle for a young actor, but it did great things for Rappaport, who was soon being offered all manner of dream jobs. When Peter Hall staged *Volpone*, he cast David opposite acting legends Paul Schofield and John Gielgud. When kids' TV show *Tiswas* went looking for new talent, Rappaport transformed himself into Shades, a small-scale king of cool. And when Spike Milligan needed eccentric figures for his predictably incomprehensible *Q9*, Rappaport was the first person he rang. Little by little, David Rappaport was becoming a star. And by similar increments, his life was spiralling out of control.

The first cracks in Rappaport's psyche emerged during the filming of Terry Gilliam's epic fantasy *Time Bandits*. One of six dwarves in the movie, you'd have thought Rappaport would have felt at home on the shoot. In reality, he hated every minute of it. As



This pic: David with Annabelle Lanyon and Arturo Brachetti in 1983
Left: David runs through lines with manager Frankie Lee on the set of American TV series *Wizard*

David at the height of his success in Hollywood, enjoying the company of two models

Gilliam recalls, "David detested the other dwarfs. When we broke for lunch, he refused to eat with them, and sat down with Sean Connery and John Cleese instead. Because that's how he saw himself, as a regular star. David's problem was he wouldn't admit to himself he was 3ft 11in. He saw himself as a great actor, as opposed to a great 3ft 11in actor, and there's a very big difference."

Whatever the traumas of *Time Bandits*, the film introduced Rappaport to a wider audience. It also raised his profile in America, a country he fell in love with and to which he eventually relocated. For all its vulgarity, it's easy to understand the appeal of Hollywood to a young actor. And to the newly divorced Rappaport, the City of Angels must have seemed like the most fantastic theme park – one where the rides had lots of curves and the drinks were never soft.

David's drinking really was extraordinary for a man his size. "David was the best pound-for-pound drinker I ever encountered," recalls Dave Stewart, Eurythmic and producer of Rappaport vehicle *Beyond The Groove*. David's tipple of choice was a whiskey-based concoction that could tranquillise an elephant with ADHD. "Some people drank it and almost lost their eyesight," laughs Stewart. "It was so strong, it was almost like moonshine. But David could swill it down all day."

Rappaport's other vices were women and marijuana. He had been taking drugs since his university days, but in LA, he upped the dosage, puffing his way through a veritable pampas of pot. "David was smoking a lot of dope in America," sighs Chris Langham, who was also living in Hollywood at the time. "I used to think he smoked a lot at Bristol, but it was nothing compared to what he was getting through in America. And the dope, together with the drinking, which had got heavier and heavier, clouded his view of the world."

Exactly how warped Rappaport's perception had become emerged in a 1988 interview with Channel 4. Despite his height, David liked to think himself a womaniser – he was photographed with Page 3 girls and hung out in Stringfellows. Now, in LA, his fantasies became reality as he spent time hanging out with all the wrong kinds of ▶

IN HIS OWN WORDS

DAVID RAPPAPORT ON...

When playing dwarves is acceptable:

"If it's a dwarf who is a regular person, I love to do it. I'm not against doing dwarf parts, it's only if it's a dwarf who falls over and has a long beard that I say, 'No, forget it'... I have to be extra careful, because as soon as I do a part which is a bit tacky or a bit dwarfy, then I feel that I've gone back a year or two."

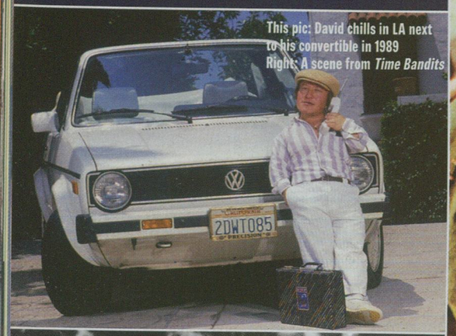
Turning down R2-D2 in *Star Wars*:

"*Star Wars*, just imagine: no-one had heard of it – it wasn't even called *Star Wars*. We got approached: 'There's this film that some small company is doing in the desert, in Tunisia. You'll spend six months inside a tin can in the baking heat.' And you think, 'Yeah? The money must be good, if it's that bad. What's the money like?' 'Abysmal. But you get a percentage.' 'A percentage of what?' How do you know what it's going to do? Some tinpot film, acting in the desert for six months... sounds like a no-no! So naturally, I said 'No.'"

His unique worldview:

"You see the world entirely different when at a party all you see is people's crotches and asses."

Rappaport enjoys some crotch and ass, at a party. Above: Kenny Baker took the role that Rappaport turned down



This pic: David chills in LA next to his convertible in 1989
Right: A scene from *Time Bandits*

David as Rinaldo the Midget with Clancy Brown's monster Viktor in 1985's *The Bride*. Sting and Alexei Sayle also starred

"David spat in the director's face on one occasion – he had been made to share a trailer with pop star Belinda Carlisle"

▶women – he'd prowl bars in pursuit of married ladies and girls who called themselves 'dancers'. Now, with years of fooling around behind him, Rappaport considered himself quite the Casanova. "The object of every man's desire was staring me in the face from the age of about 14," laughed David, who used the Channel 4 programme to talk at great length, and in some detail, about his sex life. "I'm the sweet you can eat between meals," he continued, before proceeding to talk about his life as a star in LA.

But, of course, Rappaport wasn't a star – he was a film and TV actor. By Hollywood standrds, his list of conquests wasn't much to brag about either. Somehow, however, Rappaport's ego had swollen to ridiculous, even dangerous levels.

"David wasn't a big star like Demi Moore," smiles Dave Stewart, "but he behaved like one. While we were making *Beyond The Groove*, we had rows over his trailer you just wouldn't believe. There was lots of 'I want' or 'I need'. Then there was the way he talked to the director. Roger Pomphrey was a good friend of mine, but *Beyond The Groove* was the first thing he'd directed and David wouldn't let him forget it. He even spat in Roger's face on one occasion – he had to share a trailer with a pop star, I think it was Belinda Carlisle, and he wasn't having that."

The problem with Rappaport's demands wasn't just that they were so extreme but that they were unreasonable for someone who'd achieved so little. Indeed, one of the saddest things about David's later life is he did relatively little work and much of it was beneath him. Sadder still, Rappaport's excesses have obscured memories of how good an actor he was. As *Time Bandits*' Randall, he created a character who was both a greedy buffoon and instantly likeable. Better still was his turn as Hamilton 'Mighty Mouse' Schuyler in *LA Law*. It's easy to forget how big a show *LA Law* was in 1990, and for a brief period, the show was stolen by Rappaport, whose pint-sized lawyer proved how sympathetic and captivating a performer he could be.

LA Law was, alas, Rappaport's last hurrah. In the months before and after appearing on the show, his insatiable ego turned on him, devouring both his confidence and his dreams of stardom. His brother Irving suggested he see a psychiatrist but neither David's manager nor his new fiancée Eliza thought there was anything to worry about. Then came the first suicide attempt.

On 5 March 1990, Rappaport tied a hose around the exhaust of his car then poked the other end through the back window. Rescued in the nick of time, neither Rappaport nor those around him wanted to admit anything had happened. But although Eliza told Irving not to believe the press stories about his brother having tried to take his own life, David was by now so depressed he'd started hearing voices. He was sent to a psychiatrist and put on a course of strong medication. In conversations with his brother and his shrink, he said that his well of self-confidence, which had once seemed so deep, had now run dry. Then, six short weeks later, he made the lonely drive to Laurel Canyon. The coroner's verdict was suicide by self-inflicted gunshot wound.

Fifteen years on from his death, one can't help but wonder what might've happened to David Rappaport had he lived. *Lord Of The Rings*' Bilbo Baggins, *Austin Powers*' Mini Me – it's easy to imagine him appearing in these and countless other roles. You can even picture him fronting his own vehicles, since he had the charisma and weight to carry a project. But none of this was to be, for, while David Rappaport – king of kids' telly, gifted stage actor, budding film star – really did have it all, he lost it in a fog of dope and drink, self-delusion and rampant egomania. "The road to excess leads to the palace of wisdom," wrote William Blake. For David Rappaport, it led only to an early grave.

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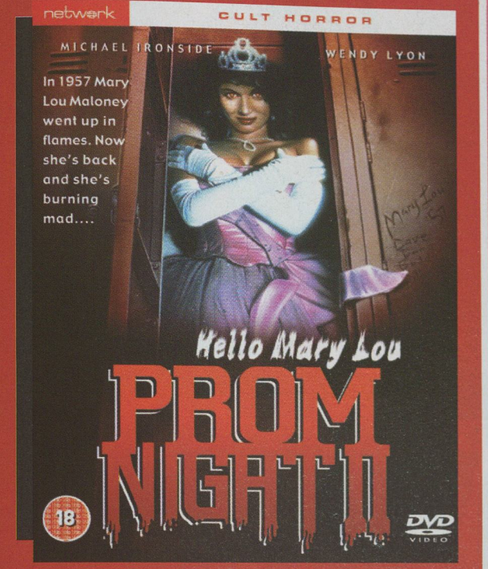

The second part of the cult horror saga, starring Michael Ironside and Wendy Lyon.

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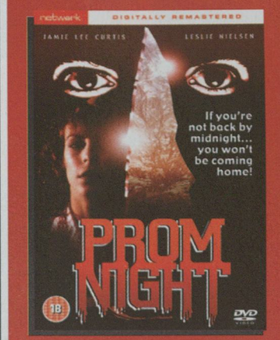

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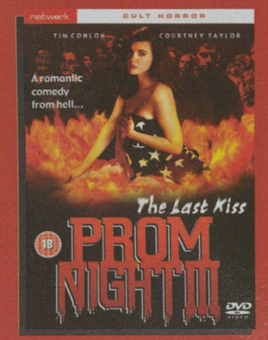

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DEAD AND LOVING IT

Cult horror maestro George A Romero is back with another monster of a zombie movie. We picked his brrrraaaaiiiins

WORDS **BILLY CHAINSAW**

Few films truly deserve to be called revolutionary, but George A Romero's *Night Of The Living Dead* does. When this shoestring-budget, black-and-white fright flick hit cinemas in 1968, its implacable, unstoppable zombies (previously an under-appreciated B-movie staple), social comment and, for the time, relentless gore made Romero an instant cult star. Since then, he's completed a zombie hat-trick, adding *Dawn Of The Dead* (1978) and *Day Of The Dead* (1985) to the classic original. Now, two decades later, the zombie king has returned with his most incendiary living-dead offering to date – *Land Of The Dead*.

What inspired you as a kid, that you think moulded you into the horror icon you are now?

Icon? Heh heh, well there's the rub, I don't think of myself that way at all. Man, I'm just having fun. It's very flattering, but I'm just making movies, it's hard for me to think of myself that way.

Inspiration... I think mostly EC comics. I was reading 'em before the ratings code where things would happen like somebody would pull someone's heart out and use it as home-base in a baseball game. I gleefully accepted that gore.

I loved fantasy and horror films, which in those days were 'Be careful of science, or you're gonna breed a soft woman or something'. Those influences, even the Godzilla flicks, were a way of using fantasy as parable and I think that's probably what got me involved.

Romero directs as (below) the undead rise from the swamp. (Right): Romero mingles with the extras. He's the one wearing glasses

ALBUM ONLINE; MOVIESTORE; MPTV/FX; VISION; UNIVERSAL

"Have you thought of getting new double glazing?" Hard sell in *Land Of The Dead*

▶ Why did you choose zombies as your subject matter for *Night Of The Living Dead*?
It was the late 60s and we all thought the era was gonna reform the world – wrong! That's what I was thinking about, that's what was in my heart. I read a novel by Richard Matheson called *I Am Legend*, which was about some disease causing vampires to take over the world and there was one man left. Thus the title – vampires are no longer legend, now the human is.

What I loved about it was it seemed to me to be a real sea-change in global society, and I ripped it off basically. His story begins when there's only one man left and I wanted to start at the beginning. Also I couldn't use vampires because he used vampires, so I decided to use ghouls. I didn't originally identify these things as zombies – audiences and critics did that later! In my mind at the time, zombies were those Caribbean guys who'd had the voodoo whammy put on 'em, and my guys were flesh-eaters. In fact our first choice of title for the finished film was *Night Of The Flesh Eaters*, it wasn't *Night Of The Living Dead* – that was the distributor's title. They said there was an old movie called *The Flesh Eaters* so they changed the title. That's how we lost the copyright, but that's a long story. People started saying these are a new kind of zombie, so I get credit for creating this new kind of zombie, when I didn't even realise I was doing it!

A *Day Of The Dead* zombie shows off his dental work

"*Land Of The Dead* refers in part to 9/11 – the way the administration lies to people and tries to pretend everything's OK"

Did you always intend to do a zombie trilogy?
I originally wrote it as a short story and we turned it into a film. The short story had three parts: the first became *Night Of The Living Dead*, the second was a couple of paragraphs, and the third was just a sentence where the zombies had taken over the world. That's where the idea of a trilogy came from.

But then, after we made the first film, I really resisted making another for a long time, until Dario Argento [who later did a version of *Dawn...* for the Italian market] called and said, "This is too long a story for the amount of time we have." So I did the second one and then I realise, wow man! I could keep coming back to this... it could be my thing, my way of expressing myself and reflecting what's going on in the world. The first three films were 60s, 70s, 80s, I missed the 90s and now there's *Land Of The Dead*. I never thought it would end. I'd love to keep making them as long as I'm on my feet and breathing. I'd just wait for a change, otherwise there's not much to talk about.

Did you ever imagine your low-budget 1968 movie would become such a major influential and enduring benchmark for horror and zombie cinema?
No. We were a bunch of guys in Pittsburgh, man, we made a little flick, threw it in the trunk of a car and drove to New York to see if someone might wanna show it.

I loved film, I sort of wormed my way into it... when I went to college you couldn't get your hands on any hardware, you sat around and watched *Battleship Potemkin* [Sergei Eisenstein, 1925] and talked about it. That was the extent of what film courses were in those days. Even after we successfully completed the film I never imagined it would do anything except maybe go out and play in some neighbourhood theatres and drive-ins.

Black and white and dead all over. The original zombies walk the Earth in *Night of the Living Dead*

"The zombies in *Day Of The Dead* were much closer to my heart than the humans – the humans were rat bastards"

How come it's taken 20 years for you and your zombies to return to the big screen for the fourth time?
My partner and I got tied-up in Hollywood and I made more money than I've ever made in my life, but I didn't make any films, because all the projects blew up. Out of frustration I went off and made a little film called *Bruiser* that nobody has seen, and then I started to write the script for *Land Of The Dead*.

It was very different, it was much more about homeland problems, homelessness and AIDS and things like that. I finished the script and we sent it around right before 9/11. But when 9/11 happened, everybody wanted to make soft, friendly flicks. So I stuck it on the shelf for a while... for two years.

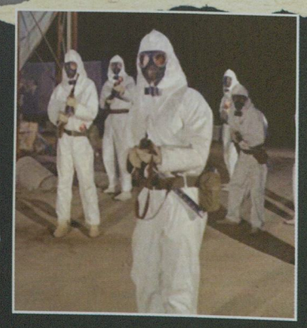
Did you make any conscious changes to the script after the events of 9/11?
Yes, absolutely. Not to capitalise on the tragedy, but it's a much stronger film. There were very conscious images, like the administration lying to people and telling them everything's OK. My original version was about ignoring the problem, this was more intentional on the part of Dennis Hopper's character, Kaufman – keep the people occupied with games and vices and they won't worry about it. And again, some of the ▶

Surprise! *Dawn Of The Dead* zombies get on at your floor – expect to go down. Note the zombie back left, though. Not really trying, is he?

BLOODY BRILLIANT

A brief guide to Romero's un-undead-related films

There's more to the work of George 'A' Romero than walking cadavers. In his time he's made films about everything from teenage vampires to manly bikers who like to charge at each other waving big weapons. Here are Bizarre's favourites.

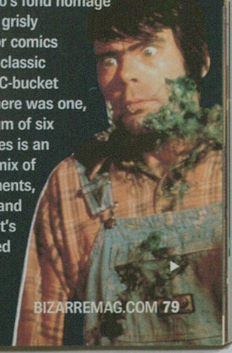


THE CRAZIES (1973, 2006)
In this stark, pessimistic satire on the military mindset, a town is gripped by a plague that turns them into psychotic killers. The army turn up, quarantine the town, then doom everyone to death by accidentally killing the only scientist who can cure the plague. And for why? Because of their sheer bloody-minded, pencil-necked, rule-bound military mindset! Damn them! A great film, only slightly spoiled by extras who play the least macho, most unconvincing 'special forces' soldiers ever, running around flapping their wrists and firing guns in a manner that would get them laughed off the set of an *Action Girls* movie. About to be remade. Be worried.

MARTIN (1977)
A film that's as dark and languidly nightmarish as sitting in a hot bath with slit wrists, *Martin* follows a confused young man who may be a vampire or may just be a crazy, mixed-up goth. Full of lyrical imagery, clever ideas (like having this modern-day Dracula becoming a minor celebrity through his calls to a local phone-in show), and a stunning central performance from John Amplas, *Martin* is arguably Romero's finest film.

KNIGHTRIDERS (1981)
A flawed but fascinating mix of *Easy Rider*, *Excalibur* and *Mad Max*, this is the gore-free joker in Romero's pack. Following the exploits of a travelling band of modern-day knights on motorbikes, *Knightriders* is packed with great performances. In particular, Ed Harris is brilliantly intense as Billy, the knights' saintly, uncompromising King Arthur figure, while the impressively moustachioed Tom Savini is charisma personified as his morally ambiguous friend and rival, Morgan. The film's central idea may seem ludicrous, but watch the bikers trying to maintain their chivalrous way of life in the face of an ever-encroaching 'real world' embodied by redneck asshole cops and shit-eating marketing men and then come tell me you weren't rooting for 'em all the way. You cynical fuck.

CREEPSHOW (1982)
With a cast to die (then be reanimated) for – Leslie Nielsen, Steven King, Ted Danson, Ed Harris and many, many more – this is Romero's fond homage to the gleefully grisly American horror comics of the 1950s. A classic sixpack-and-KFC-bucket movie if ever there was one, this compendium of six short horror tales is an undemanding mix of gruesome moments, broad humour and so much ham, it's probably banned in Israel. **(DB)**



Undead hour at the local swimming baths continues to attract an enthusiastic crowd in *Land...* Below: Dennis Hopper brings his trademark subtlety and restraint to Romero's latest zombie opus

"When I was young I used to have terrifying nightmares about being in elevators, stopping at floors that didn't exist"

▶ imagery, like the idea of feeling you're protected by water, the idea of the high tower being the financial centre; images like an armoured vehicle driving through a village and mowing everyone down – I think all of that stuff came out of 9/11.

That armoured vehicle you refer to is called 'Dead Reckoning'. Wasn't that the original title of the movie?

It was, yeah.

So why did you change it to *Land Of The Dead*?

What can I say? Everybody said, "No! It has to be something 'of the dead'!" Actually, once again, they said there was an old Bogart movie called *Dead Reckoning*, but I don't think that would've been a problem.

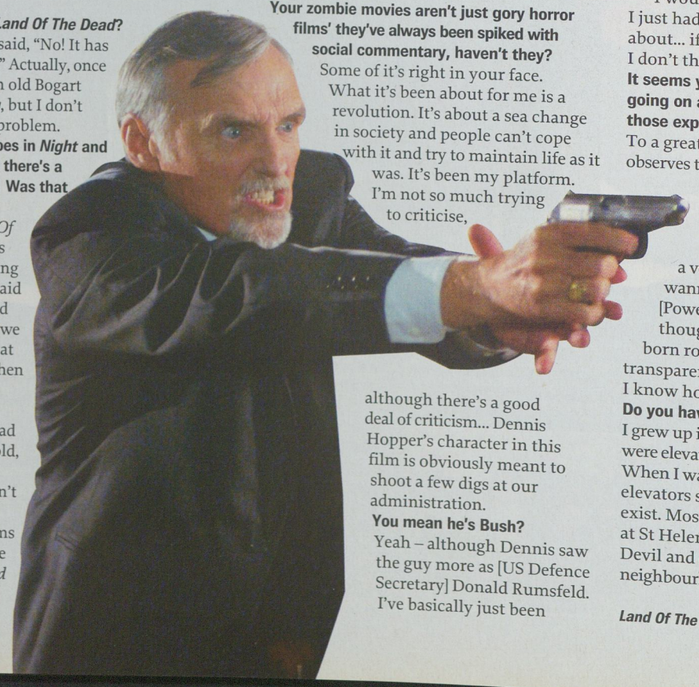
There were black human heroes in *Night* and *Dawn Of The Living Dead* and there's a black zombie 'hero' in *Land*... Was that a conscious decision?

Well, when we made *Night Of The Living Dead*, Duane Jones was the best actor from among our friends, and everybody said it was an innovative and bold move... I dunno man, I think if we deserve any credit it's just that we didn't change the script when Duane agreed to do the role.

Then it became sort of a conceit, as so many people had written, "Well this was so bold, Romero's using his African-American lead where it doesn't need to be." So then I stayed with that in the next two films and what happened was... the zombies in *Dawn Of The Dead* and *Day Of The Dead* were very sympathetic, they were closer to my heart than the humans – the humans were rat bastards, the zombies were just doing their thing. So I decided in *Land Of The Dead* that to make the zombie an African-American, would be my signal to the fans to say, "Look at this guy, he's an OK guy." It's silly, these ideas come to you in the shower.

Your zombie movies aren't just gory horror films' they've always been spiked with social commentary, haven't they?

Some of it's right in your face.



What it's been about for me is a revolution. It's about a sea change in society and people can't cope with it and try to maintain life as it was. It's been my platform. I'm not so much trying to criticise, although there's a good deal of criticism... Dennis Hopper's character in this film is obviously meant to shoot a few digs at our administration.

You mean he's Bush?

Yeah – although Dennis saw the guy more as [US Defence Secretary] Donald Rumsfeld. I've basically just been trying to reflect the times, not only in the messages of the film, but stylistically as well.

It's been a wonderful exercise I can keep going back to and show a little bit more of myself, at least the way I think, rather than if I were writing movies about guys in hockey masks with knives. That stuff just doesn't occur to me. I'm more interested in fantasy being about parable – it's *Gulliver's Travels*, man, it's *Ring Around A Rosie* and it's a bit disappointing people don't use it that way.

I would never go into the shower and say, "Oh I just had a great idea man, I'm gonna make a movie about... if you watch this video you might die" – I don't think that way.

It seems your movies are all reflections on what's been going on around you throughout your life. You put those experiences into another context.

To a great extent, yes, it is that. Obviously everybody observes things from their own perspective... so that's really it, my canvas, my way of saying, "Here are my observations." And there's another slightly underlying conceit because I've been sort of learn-as-you-go, it's a very complex medium. The film that made me wanna make movies was *The Tales Of Hoffmann* [Powell and Pressburger, 1951], because I never thought I could do it, I thought you had to be born royalty. But the effects in that film were transparent enough that I could see it and say, "Wow! I know how he did that!"

Do you have nightmares?

I grew up in this development in New York where there were elevators and little carriage-rooms and dark corners. When I was young I used to have nightmares about the elevators stopping at strange floors that really didn't exist. Most of my nightmares were led by the beasts at St Helena's... it was having to step up and meet the Devil and confess to stealing a baseball, or about our neighbourhood being blown to shit by the Russians.

***Land Of The Dead* is in cinemas 23 September**

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Girls and Corpses

WORDS **EDDY LAWRENCE**

What part of that don't you understand?

Take a look at this picture. Drink it in. Doesn't it feel like all your wildest dreams have come true? *Girls And Corpses*, a new online magazine, is the creation of award-winning comicbook author Robert S Rhine, and is, inevitably, already achieving cult status thanks to its racy pictorials of girls posing with stiffs.

The idea struck self-confessed "funeral crasher" Rhine as he watched a "sexy girl in a short plaid skirt and goth knee-socks" paying her last respects to a poorly embalmed and ripe-smelling dead man. "She reached down and caressed the corpse's cheek," he wistfully recalls. "There was something in the way she touched his leathery flesh that wasn't entirely wholesome. I was both touched and then a little surprised as I noticed her nipples harden under her blouse."

A year later, Rhine introduced Smiling Jack, the first "celebrity corpse", to his booth at San Diego Comic-Con, where he was promoting his comic *Chicken Soup For Satan*. "All weekend beautiful girls stopped by my booth and couldn't keep their hands off Jack with his engaging, rotting, smile," he says.

The following year, Jack was joined by "the lovely and dessicated Mona", who gamely hoisted her T-shirt to flash the silicone implants still lodged in her petrified ribcage. "Once again," says Rhine, "beautiful women were hanging all over Mona. Was this some sort of lesbian necrophilia cult? So, I said to myself, 'What is it with girls and corpses?' And the magazine was born."

Sourcing corpses from scratch is a tricky task, but luckily Rhine had the help of "an underground contact in South America", Kevin Klemm of corpse casting company The Ed Gein Collection (Edgeincollection.com). As Robert says, "Kevin smuggles corpses to the US through Haiti to medical schools and necro-aficionados – for a price." *[Don't worry, Christians and other people with sense-of-humour problems – this is a joke!! – Ed].* Finding human babes, on the other hand, has not proved difficult. Girls were queueing around the block for the first open casting with – who else – Smiling Jack, although Rhine looks for very specific qualities in his models: "Hot, young and innocent" are the main criteria. "Oh, and not timid about being photographed in the loving embrace of a festering corpse. ▶

▶A strong stomach and poor sense of smell are also considered positive qualities."

The very first covergirls were Cassie and Maile Moore, who will be a tough act to follow in all these departments. The bubblebath blonde twins looked as perky and full of pep cavorting with a cadaver as they did on the Superbowl's 'Lingerie Bowl' halftime show. "That's what makes it work," Rhine enthuses. "The extreme contrast of beautiful young flesh against a shrivelled rawhide chew-toy. If you take a girl with tattoos and piercings – you kind of expect to see her with a corpse. But a schoolgirl? Now you're talking."

But there's more to *Girls And Corpses* than girls and corpses. Well, there will be soon, when *Corpse Summer Fun* hits the e-shelves, packed with new features. Rhine's remaining as tight-lipped as Mona's gusset about the surprises in store but suggests his dream interviewees would be "The Crypt Keeper, Michael Jackson, Mick Jagger, Siegfried and Roy, Joan Rivers, Mickey Rourke, Cher or anyone dead."

We wish *Girls And Corpses* the very best of luck for the future. And hey, if Michael Jackson turns you down, ask if he'll at least lend you John Merrick for the first celebrity covershoot.

For girls and corpses, visit Girlsandcorpses.com. To see what Britney Spears will look like in 20 years see Robertrhine.com/ego.html. *Satan's Three Ring Circus Of Hell* by R S Rhine is out now. PLEASE NOTE: IN CASE YOU WERE IN ANY DOUBT, THESE CORPSES AREN'T REAL. SORRY!

"What works is the extreme contrast of beautiful young flesh against a shrivelled rawhide chew-toy"

CASTING CALL!

If you're an extremely attractive female (18-24), email a snapshot to info@girlsandcorpses.com please. If you're a corpse, please wait six months before sending your picture. G&C are always swamped with male corpses wanting to pose with pretty, young, midwestern, corpse-fed girls.

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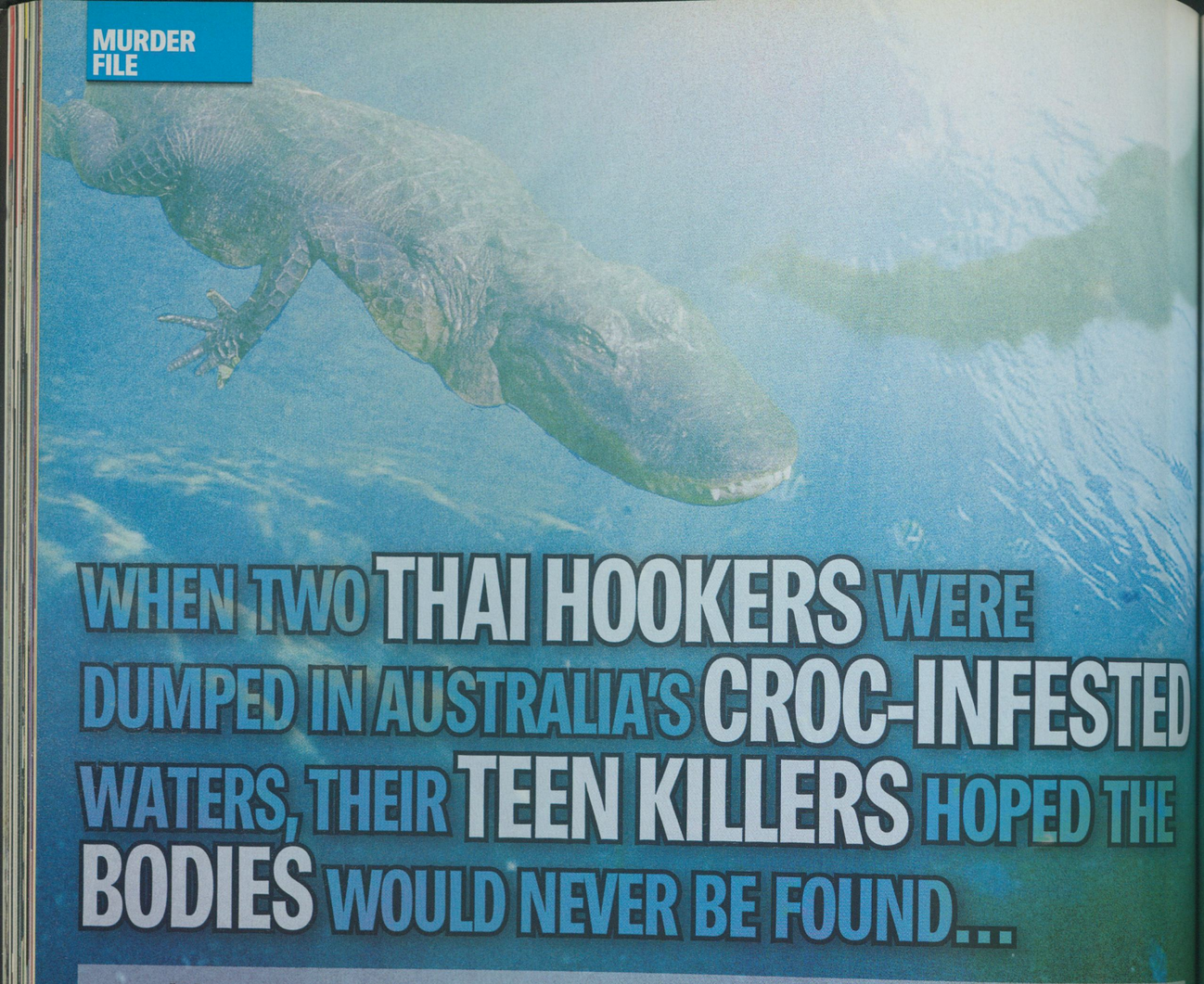

WHEN TWO THAI HOOKERS WERE DUMPED IN AUSTRALIA'S CROC-INFESTED WATERS, THEIR TEEN KILLERS HOPED THE BODIES WOULD NEVER BE FOUND...

... and they never would have been, had their murderers, with their tales of Far Eastern gangs, revenge, Hells Angels and brutal blackmail, not made one tiny, but fatal, error

WORDS **CORTLAN BENNETT** ILLUSTRATIONS **MAT BRADSHAW**

It is arguably the most dangerous predator on the planet. For 250million years, the Australian estuarine crocodile has remained virtually unchanged – evolutionary testament to its killing efficiency. The 'salty' (saltwater crocodile), as it is locally known, is the largest and most aggressive of all crocodile species, responsible for more attacks on humans than any other.

Despite their name, salties also live in freshwater, and they are found in rivers and lakes hundreds of miles inland. In the water, they can outswim any mammal. On land, they can outrun a horse over short distances. They can also jump a full body-length out of water to snatch passing birds or prey from hanging trees. Estuarine crocodiles can hold their breath for almost three hours, swimming underwater at 20mph as accurately as submarines. Adults have no natural predators and will attack boats their own size – up to 20ft or more in length.

But the prehistoric salty has one more trick up its leathery sleeve that distinguishes it from other large predators – and some humans. Cunning. Australian crocodiles have been known to observe their prey for days on end, waiting exactly and invisibly below the surface for animals that habitually drink in the same spot and at the same time each day. Australian campers who gather water at the same riverbank each morning have been ambushed by crocodiles this way.

Cunning. It's an attribute two 18-year-old killers of a different kind used... along with a few hungry crocs. No-one knows why they killed – a motive has never been proven. But if the truth behind the brutal murders of two Far Eastern prostitutes – bound, gagged and thrown alive into a crocodile-infested river – lies deeply locked away somewhere, then so do the two teenaged culprits. In a sweltering Australian prison for the next 25 years.

The tropical city of Darwin is the capital of the Northern Territory, Australia's 'Top End', or 'Arnhem Land' as the native Aborigines have always called it. This is real Crocodile Dundee country. Earlier this year, it was also host to one of the most bizarre murder trials in recent Australian history. Two youths charged with the murders of a pair of Thai-born prostitutes who were found partly naked, bloated and floating face-down in a crocodile-infested river 70 miles south of the capital. After escaping under the noses of authorities, the pair were arrested by armed police 2,000 miles away, hiding in a cupboard in suburban Brisbane, Queensland.

At first, they confessed to everything. Northern Territory prosecutors aired a Brisbane police interview with one of the accused, 18-year-old former Vietnamese refugee Phu Ngoc Trinh, to the packed Darwin Supreme Court on 4 March of this year. In it, Trinh admitted to having picked the women up in Darwin on the afternoon of 1 March 2004, before driving them about 50 miles southeast to his parents' farm near Humpty Doo, where he and schoolboy friend Ben William McLean, 18, lived and worked as farmhands. Trinh's parents were away for the week. The four were alone in the sparse Australian outback.

Trihn had sex with the younger woman first, urging the surprised McLean – who had not expected the sex workers' arrival – to do the same. McLean was nervous but did as he was told. "He'd never had sex with a prostitute before," Trinh said, admitting he also had sex with the older woman while McLean was with the younger one.

▶ Afterwards, instead of letting them dress and taking them back to Darwin, the youths bound the women's hands and feet and gagged them with tape. "One of them put up a bit of a struggle, but we put her in a bearhug while we tied her," Trinh admitted, before they bundled both into a white van owned by his father. McLean drove to the nearby township of Adelaide River as Trinh rode in the back with the women – using a piece of red cord to strangle them one at a time. When McLean stopped the van over the Adelaide River Bridge, 70 miles south of Darwin, the youths tied car batteries to the limp women's wrists then threw their weighted bodies into the crocodile-infested waters below.

"I couldn't control myself," Trinh later said. "Just suddenly, something really irritated me. I don't know why [I killed them]. Something just went wrong. Can't explain it." Money had not played a part in the killings, Trinh said, although he later admitted draining the elder woman's bank account of $1,800 using her cards and the PIN numbers she had presumably given him before she was strangled.

For the interviewing police, it appeared to be a clear-cut case. But then co-accused McLean told a very different story. Yes, he had had sex with the younger women and admitted to being nervous. However, he added, it wasn't because he had never had sex with a prostitute before. It was because he owed Hells Angels bikers $50,000 over a drug debt and was ordered to kill them as a favour to save his own life.

"They said they'd knock me off unless I did them a favour, to repay the money," McLean said in a separate taped interview with police after his arrest.

"What was the favour?" police asked.

"Get two prostitutes off the street. I had to kill them. I was using speed and I ripped them off. I owed them $50,000."

McLean said the bikers had approached him in a Darwin pub two months prior to the murders and given him photographs and the names of the two women. They ordered him to kill both. Close friend Trinh had agreed to help. The problem was, by the time both Trinh and McLean appeared in the Northern Territory Supreme Court a year later, both their stories had changed.

Rocque Chong-Wee's nightmares began after the morning of 3 March 2004. It was just before 9am when the Spectacular Jumping Crocodiles Cruise skipper slipped down to the banks of the Adelaide River where his tour boat was moored by another. The Adelaide River flows for more than 100 miles through the Northern Territory, and is famous for having one of the largest concentrations of saltwater crocodiles in Australia. Salties are the main attraction to the township of the same name, where Chong-Wee and other operators make a living feeding raw meat to hungry jumping crocs in front of scared, boat-bound tourists. Passengers are told to keep their arms and legs inside the boats for fear of having them bitten off.

Above: 58-year-old Phuangsri Kroksamrang, the 'mamasan' or madame, and part-time prostitute, who collected $6,000 a night from her girls
Below: Somjai 'Noi' Insamnan, 27, one of Kroksamrang's charges, who was only there on the fateful night to fill in for another working girl

The women, still breathing, were weighted and thrown into the croc-infested river

William McLean, one of the 18-year-old killers, is led away in handcuffs by Queensland police after being found hiding in a friend's cupboard in Brisbane

NEWSPIX

Checking on his vessel that morning, Chong-Wee later told the Darwin court, he saw a young woman floating face down between his boat and the other moored vessel. He phoned police, who asked him to tether the body so it did not float away. Chong-Wee obliged, breaking down in court as he described tying a rope through a set of plastic cable ties binding the dead woman's feet. He tied the other end to his boat. Another set of cable ties bound the woman's hands, which were tied to a submerged car battery. It was just after the monsoon, and the swollen Adelaide River had carried the body in its swift current, dragging the car battery with it. It was obviously designed to keep the body underwater.

Two hours later, another tour-boat operator, Allan Hair of Adelaide River Jumping Crocodile Cruise, was getting ready to launch his own vessel. He spotted the second body, a much older woman, curled up in a fetal position, floating near the stern. As the river current tugged at the body, which was also bound at the feet and hands and anchored by something heavy (another car battery), Mr Hair saw a crocodile entering the water from the far bank.

"They come out when they hear the motor starting, expecting to be fed," Hair later told the Darwin court. He quickly alerted police, who had already arrived at the scene of the first victim.

Northern Territory Director of Prosecutions Rex Wild QC asked Hair during the trial if he expected crocodiles to attack the floating body. Hair replied: "From time to time we see floating carcasses of animals not necessarily under attack."

The first body, it transpired, belonged to 27-year-old Somjai 'Noi' Insamnan, a Thai-born prostitute who worked out of Darwin and had lived in Australia for eight years after marrying a former naval seaman, Russell John Gale. The attractive Asian – known for her fast temper and even faster gambling habits – supported six brothers and sisters and a 10-year-old son from a previous marriage in her rural home of Lanhin, about 250 miles northwest of Bangkok.

"She talked very straight if she didn't like something you said," a long-time friend and fellow Thai prostitute Monta Tongwan, 44, said after Insamnan's death. "But mostly she was very funny – always making jokes. I knew her for five years, we worked together and used to go to the casino to dance and drink. She had a nice body and liked to dance.

"Noi also loved to gamble. She would lose $1,000 a night, but she would go and see her man and he'd give her the money – $1,000 every time, day after day. She was always joking, but sometimes she used to be very sad because she had a child who lived in Thailand that she missed very much. I think that is why she used to joke all the time, because inside she was very unhappy."

The second body belonged to Insamnan's 'mamasan' (madam), 58-year-old Thai-born Phuangsri Kroksamrang. Although she looked younger than her advanced years (with the help of a stylish black wig) and turned the occasional trick, the Darwin madam wasn't as popular as her young protégé.

"She was very tight, take all our money and give us peanuts," another Thai-born prostitute told the *Northern Territory News* after the murders. Managing up to six Thai working girls at a time, she took bookings and paid for rooms in exchange for 50 per cent of their earnings. "Sometimes the girls make $1000 a night, and with six girls that is $6,000 a night they give to the old lady every morning. She made plenty of money."

Both Insamnan and Kroksamrang lived in the budget Palms Motel, opposite Darwin's Frontier Hotel, where the younger woman charged $200 an hour. Insamnan's bloated, grey body was found half-naked. The older woman's body was dressed in a black top and underwear but without a skirt or trousers. A Darwin coroner later testified both women had been in the water for up to 30 hours before they were discovered. A post-mortem revealed they had been alive when thrown in the water and had drowned. As well as the car batteries and plastic cable ties around their wrists and ankles, both dead women had red rope tied around their necks.

"They had no chance of survival," prosecutor Rex Wild later told the court. "Clearly they were not meant to float. Whether they went into the water conscious or unconscious is something on which to speculate. But it is likely that neither of the accused expected the bodies to be found."

Police discovered cable ties, rope and tape – the boys had been prepared for murder

It was meant to be a untraceable crime. But Northern Territory police later said they knew who the suspects were almost as soon as the bodies were discovered. Trinh was quickly traced using mobile-phone records from Kroksamrang on the day of her murder. While Trinh had phoned and booked the mamasan directly, Insamnan was simply filling in for another woman. Trinh had instructed Kroksamrang to bring Bunlue Sriwathan by name. However, Sriwathan said she was not feeling well that day and asked Insamnan to take her place. Fatefully, Insamnan agreed.

Palms Motel manager Steven Cribb said he saw the two women, who lived in rooms 8 and 12, with a "young Asian person" on the afternoon they disappeared. "Noi [Insamnan] said she was going on holiday and [she and Kroksamrang] paid their $375 rent for the week in advance," Cribb said. "Noi said they would be away for a couple of days but did not say where they were going."

Four days after the bodies were found, Darwin Detective Sergeant Greg Lade and Detective Senior Constable Isobel Cummins paid a visit to the Trinh family farm, about 15 miles from Adelaide River. There had been recent rains, and their police car became stuck in mud on the property. Trinh and McLean helped the detectives free their vehicle before inviting them in. "It was a hot day and they were kind enough to ask us in for some water," Det Sgt Lade later told the court. "We sat down and had a chat."

While on the property, the two detectives spotted a white van similar to one described by witnesses as being parked on a bridge over the river about a week before – the night of the murders. The detectives returned to police headquarters and got a search warrant, which they executed the next morning, "rather than a rushed effort". But when they arrived at the property the following day, the gate was locked and the van was gone. And with it Trinh and McLean.

With information the pair had boarded a plane to Brisbane just hours after they had been interviewed, the two detectives jumped on a flight themselves. Meanwhile, forensic pathologists found condoms and medicines prescribed to Kroksamrang on the property, as well as a key to her hotel room, and the burned remains of a wig, clothes, bra and a comb. Inside the white van, which was later discovered outside, were a woman's fingernail and blue beads from the remains of a necklace that had been found on Insamnan's body.

Det Sgt Lade and Det Const Cummins briefed Queensland police as soon as they arrived in Brisbane on 8 March 2004. But it was less than two days before a tip-off from the local Asian community led them to a house in suburban Stretton. In a midnight raid, armed police burst into the house on 10 March and found the pair hiding in a bedroom cupboard. The house belonged to the family of a schoolboy friend, Ben Hamilton, 18, who said he had no idea the pair were on the run. They had told him they wanted a place to stay while they looked for work. The following morning, Trinh and McLean appeared in a Brisbane court, which ordered them to be extradited to Darwin the next day.

By all accounts, Trinh and McLean were cocky before their month-long trial in February this year. "They didn't seem to understand the seriousness of their situation," a columnist from the *Sunday Territorian* wrote shortly after a judge handed them a life sentence in April. "They were told they were facing life in jail but were still laughing and joking about the case."

Perhaps they thought they would still get away with it. Perhaps they really believed the fanciful story they were about to tell the Supreme Court would win the jury over. In reality, they were facing mounting evidence. ▶

The police case was strong. In addition to all the other evidence released before the trial, they had found receipts for rope, two rolls of packaging tape and 60 cable ties in Trinh's wallet, dated the same day the victims disappeared. Stupidly, Trinh was caught with the receipts in his wallet when he was arrested in Queensland, nine days after the murders. What's more, several witnesses had seen him withdrawing or trying to withdraw money from two of Kroksamrang's bank accounts, using her cards on a number of occasions after her disappearance. Four Thai sex workers had also seen Trinh with the victims on the day of their disappearance and named him to police, even giving them directions to his parents' property.

Yet, even after all this evidence, Trinh and McLean finally 'admitted' to the court that the women were killed by an Asian crime gang as the boys looked on. First, McLean told the court he played no part in murders, saying a group of "Asian men" had arrived at the farm soon after he and Trinh had had sex with the women and then started arguing with his friend in Vietnamese. He said Trinh drove off with the women in the van and left him on the farm. Trinh returned about four hours later and seemed to have something on his mind: "Not his usual cheery self." McLean denied he'd been in trouble with the Hells Angels and had made the story up to police soon after his arrest. He testified that Trinh had brought the girls to the farm by himself, and that he was "shy", as it was his first time with a prostitute.

As they were sentenced to life the killers were laughing and joking about the case, as if it was all some kind of joke

After McLean had given evidence, Trinh testified that he saw three other men kill the women after "accidentally" meeting up with a member of his former gang in Darwin – a man named Long – several months before the women disappeared. He said the gang's boss, named Lee, wanted Trinh to rejoin, and paid a "surprise visit" to his parents' farm on the day of the murders. At first, he said Kroksamrang was killed by a man named Jo Jo, but later told the court he saw her "choked on a rope" by a man named Ezy. He said the younger woman was also strangled and that McLean had not been present. A week after testifying, Trinh and McLean were found guilty of murder and sentenced to life in prison.

On 17 May, Northern Territory Supreme Court Justice Dean Mildren set a minimum parole period of 25 years for Trinh and McLean. "There is no evidence McLean was aware what Trinh was up to. It's possible he was surprised when Trinh turned up with the women," the judge read in his sentencing decision, adding Trinh was the main offender, planning the murders and buying the rope, cable ties and tape before picking the women up in Darwin. But he said McLean was also culpable of the "horrific murders", and that the pair were arrogant and believed they would never get caught. "On the evidence before me, these were cold-blooded murders committed by these young men for reasons unknown."

In a final twist, Trinh is now facing deportation as immigration officials investigate whether he is an Australian citizen or not. It would be an ironic end to the life of the former Vietnamese refugee who survived the trip to Australia after the deaths of five of his infant brothers and sisters.

But perhaps the most perplexing thing about this whole case is how the bodies of two women survived more than a day of floating in crocodile-infested waters without being eaten. What Trinh and McLean had failed to realise is that during Australia's monsoon, or 'wet season', most estuarine crocodiles travel downstream to mate. Fact is, there were very few hungry saltwater crocodiles in the upper reaches of the Adelaide River the night Kroksamrang and Insamnan were thrown into it alive. If it had been any other time of year, their bodies would likely have been devoured before they were discovered.

As to why the car batteries failed to weigh the bodies below the surface, forensic pathologist Dr Terry Sinton testified to the court that gas build-up inside the bodies as they decomposed would have made them buoyant. "Considerably more than one battery would have been needed to keep the bodies submerged once they started to decompose," he told the court. Trinh and McLean learned the hard way: never smile at a crocodile.

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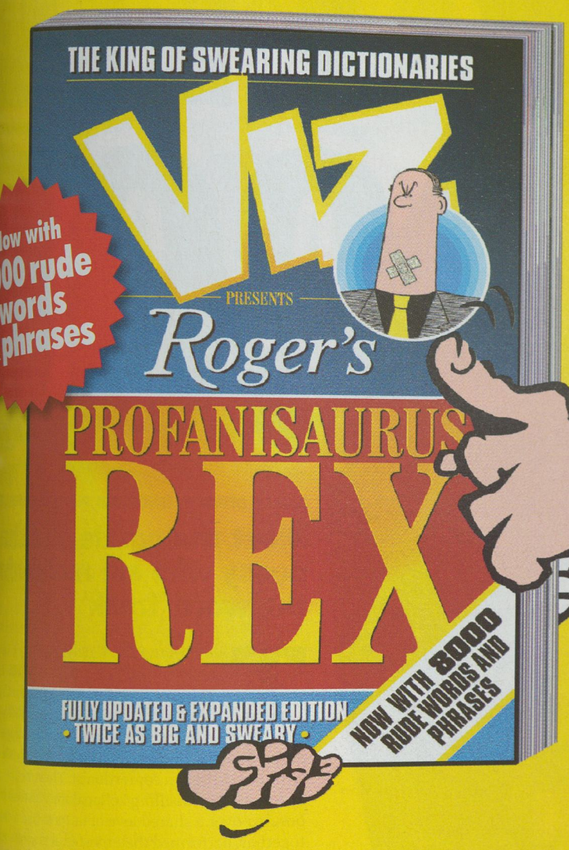

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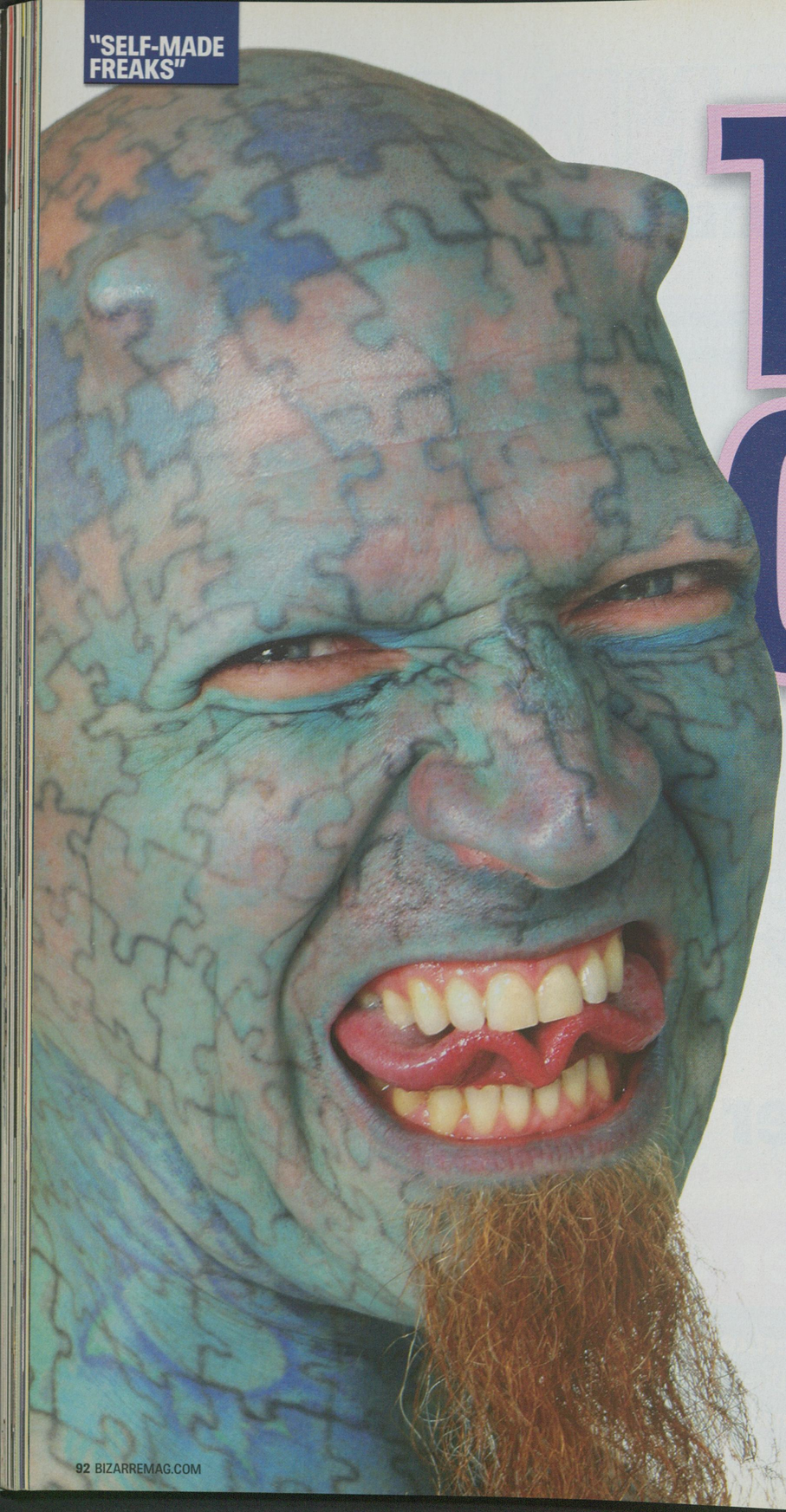

THE ODD COUPLE

WORDS **DENISE STANBOROUGH** PHOTOS **JAMES STAFFORD**

Meet the puzzle and the pussy who are reclaiming the word 'freak'

The Enigma and Katzen the Tiger Lady are the John and Yoko of Freakworld. Enigma spent seven years performing in the Jim Rose Circus, eating slugs and lifting weights with his eyelids, while Katzen swapped street crime for street entertainment, wowing passers-by with her skills as a contortionist. They met by chance at America's travelling Lollapalooza festival in 1992, bonded over a shared love of tattoos, had a child together, performed their twisted acts across America and toured with their band The Human Marvels.

Sitting in a London hotel lobby with the pair, I feel a little dull. On the deeply cushioned couch opposite is a bright blue man with two horns bulging from the skin on his head. The lady next to him has a fine set of whiskers, and an impressive cleavage covered in jet-black tiger stripes. Despite the curious glances and blatant staring of other hotel guests, the tattooed duo seem comfortable in their surroundings. The Enigma tugs playfully on his long goatee beard while Katzen inhales on a roll-up, butting in on him and finishing his sentences. Although they're no longer stepping out together romantically, they're still the best of friends, poking fun at each other and defending each other's points of view. But ultimately they are bound together by their appearance.

Tell us about your lives before you became The Enigma and Katzen.

E: I was raised in the suburbs of Seattle, although I spent most of my life in the back seat of a car, but I took piano lessons aged six, and dancing lessons. I was raised on comicbooks and casseroles. I was also in a magic club. When I reached the age of 15, I started swallowing swords and eating fire and all that stuff.

K: My mum was in the navy for five years and loved to travel. I lived in about 30 of the 50 states growing up.

How did you get into performance art?

K: I was 15 when I started doing street performance in West Keys, Florida. I was doing fire-eating, fire-juggling and contortionism. I was a troublemaker for a bit, stealing cars and stuff. I had some really magic stuff happen to me. I spent nine months in a mental institute when I was 13. I needed to get back on track and basically art took me out of all that. Street performance is tough. You have to work out a fast-paced act – I did a 15- to 20-minute act. You don't want people hanging round for too long otherwise you won't get as much money.

E: I did festivals, but I didn't put together a real show. I just wanted to make the impossible possible and because it looked cool. I incorporated my act into being in a band, doing a show in the middle of a set.

Enigma, how did you get involved with Jim Rose?

E: Once I was doing things like sword-swallowing and lifting weights with my eyeballs, I hooked up with people like Torture King and The Amazing Mr Lizzo, who were involved in the show. I wanted to improve my act; I was thinking, "I know an old lady who swallowed a fly... erm... then there's a spider. What about a snake?" Then I thought, "What's like a snake? A slug!" I called up the Torture King and said "Hey, I'm gonna eat a huge slug!" He was like "No! That's disgusting!" and then I knew it was the right thing to do. I was then named 'Slug'. I was there for about seven years. The only way I was gonna go any further was on my own because the scenery doesn't change unless you're the lead dog.

Did you get any injuries during the shows?

E: Only once in 1991. I swallowed a sword and it scratched me badly all the way up the inside. It was so bad, I couldn't even swallow my own spit without it being really uncomfortable.

K: During the first show I ever performed with The Enigma, another performer caught me in the head with an axe and I had to have, like, seven staples put in my head.

▶

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"When our baby was two, she used to look in Enigma's palm and try to pick the jigsaw pieces off him"

When you two met was it love at first sight?

K: It was an attraction at first sight! He stuck a quarter in his eye and that impressed me so much, I invited him over for a cup of coffee. I thought he was interesting. It lasted a while, but it's over now. We're still very good friends though.

E: We discovered that day we shared the same desire to be completely tattooed. Katzen knew how to tattoo, and I brought all the professional tattoo equipment so she could start working on me.

K: I did all the puzzle pieces on him. The tattoos turned his brown eye blue! Since then, he's had over 200 artists work on him.

What motivated you both to do it?

E: I thought it was cool and would improve my act.

K: For novelty purposes only! It was an artistic statement, but I had a dream when I was five years old and it made me feel great. I saw other people with stripes and I saw myself in a reflection and I had stripes and the world was, like, purple and the sky was green. I started doing paintings of myself with stripes at a very young age.

How long did it take?

E: I started all the puzzle outlines on Enigma in January 1993. I worked on him for three to six hours every day for a month. There were puzzle pieces everywhere – I'd drawn all these puzzle pieces on his ass and he sat down on the toilet and the lines were all imprinted on the seat! I started having my tattoos about six months later.

K: It was a hard month and there was a lot of discomfort. I only had a certain amount of time off from the show I was doing, so I had to have it done there and then.

Tell us about The Human Marvels.

E: It's my show and it's also the name of our band.

K: It's also a nickname for those who were not born as freaks, but were actually the working acts of the sideshow. They are self-made freaks. We've been touring with the band for three-and-a-half years now, but we've been playing together for about five years.

What type of music do you play?

K: Somebody compared us to Devo, which was kinda cool. The Human Marvels opened for Alice Cooper in 2000, we opened for Nine Inch Nails all around America and we've done stuff with Marilyn Manson.

E: Others have compared us to early Brian Eno, but I would say it's a soundtrack composer's attempt at rock'n'roll. We have an album called *With It Live* coming out very soon.

You were hired for Ozzy Osbourne's birthday party. What was that like?

E: Well, we went as part of the Lollapalooza sideshow. Apparently, when Mr Lifto was about to do his bit, the kids weren't allowed to watch.

K: He was lifting weights with his penis.

You have a daughter together.

K: Yeah, Caitlin. She was almost three months premature. I started having my tattoos straight after I had her. She was conceived during Enigma's tattooing session. She's just turned 12.

E: Kind of like a piece of a piece.

How does she feel about your appearance?

K: She's always known us with tattoos. I remember when she was two, she would look in the palm of Enigma's hand and try to pick the pieces off him.

Is she embarrassed about you?

K: No, not yet! She thinks it's kind of cool and she's like "I want to come live with y'all." My mom adopted her because... I had her for my mother. My mother wanted a baby and she couldn't go through the classic channels of adoption because she doesn't make $100,000 every year – they only want to give babies to rich people.

Do you see her often?

K: We see her a couple of times a year. We write stories and read them to her. She has never seen one of our shows. She lives in the foothills of a smoky mountain town of about 2,000 people, it's rare that we do a show anywhere near her.

If Caitlin came to you one day and said, "I want to become Leopard Woman," how would you react?

E: I'd say "An animal pattern? Didn't that go out in the 70s?"

K: I would support her, but I would ask a *lot* of questions first.

How did your family react to your appearance change?

K: My mother was a pagan and I'm an atheist by choice. She's pretty open-minded. She sat me down and we talked about it. Enigma's mom went mad. She found out from the papers. ▶

This is why you should never ask women to help with DIY tasks

It's a human jigsaw! With a jigsaw – of himself! – on his back! Which is covered with a jigsaw pattern! It's, like, biological feedback, man!

"The tattoos aren't just on my body, they're on my mind. Why did I have it done? I thought it seemed cool"

►**E:** My mom was very upset. She actually came by the house; she was starting to get a little irate. Guilt trips work both ways, though. You can say, "Y'know mom, you can close your door to me, but I'll never close my door to you."

K: There is no guilt like blue-ish guilt!

E: I could be the President of the United States and she'd still be calling up going, "Are you eating your greens?" Or I could be a cab driver and she'd say, "You're going to kill yourself in that cab one day." Moms are never satisfied.

How does she feel about it now?

K: She will go out in public with us now. She never used to do that.

E: We all have to work around our moms. People objectify you and stick you in a box and then it's like, "Oh, they actually have a mind of their own, what are we gonna do?" That's why family is not always something you're born with, it's something you find.

What's the general reaction you get from people?

E: You know your friends pretty quickly. We've had very few negative reactions from people.

K: I had a homeless guy with no teeth called me "hopeless" once. That's the pot calling the kettle black!

E: If you want to see the devil, you'll see the devil. If you want to see someone who is prepared to put their life on the line for their art then you'll see that. We are a reflection of how open-minded you are.

K: I had these two teenage girls attack me in New Jersey. They just wanted to fight me and I had to kick some ass! I was walking down the street and they wanted to pick a fight with somebody and they decided it was me. I was reluctant to fight them, but they keep pushing it and pushing it. Then one girl swung at me and as she did I grabbed her arm and took her down to the ground. Her friend was kicking me in the ribs and I was like, "Stop kicking me!" I started smashing her friend's head against the ground and I was like, "You better stop now!" She could see her friend was gonna go unconscious.

E: It was purely self-defence. See me, I would just squirt them with my stink glands!

Do you ever take offence to the title 'freak'?

E: It's partially correct in that we are human marvels and we are self-made freaks. It's just slang, it's fine; it really doesn't make any difference. This is a modern age where terminology is so rarely well defined to begin with. Republicans and Democrats, liberals and conservatives – it's all mixed. I don't think Bush is very conservative at all when it comes to lives, bullets and the environment or anything else, and yet he's head of a conservative party. There are a lot of terms; everything needs to be defined.

Don't you ever wish you could walk out the front door each day without people gawping at you?

E: No.

K: If I stay in my neighbourhood, I don't really get stared at, because they're used to me. I see the same people when I go down to the market or wherever.

E: You have to really want this. Your body and mind follow each other. If you suffer from depression, eventually your body suffers from it too. When you change your body, your mind changes as well. In order to love yourself, you have to love your body and mind as one, you can't have one without the other. The tattoos are not just on the body, they're also in my mind. You have to think about it holistically.

To find out more, visit Humanmarvels.com and Realitytv.co.uk/freaks. The Enigma and Katzen set off to "find all the freaks in the UK", in Reality TV's *The Freak Factor*, coming soon, and appear in *Freaks*, also on Reality TV, on Friday 30 September at 9pm

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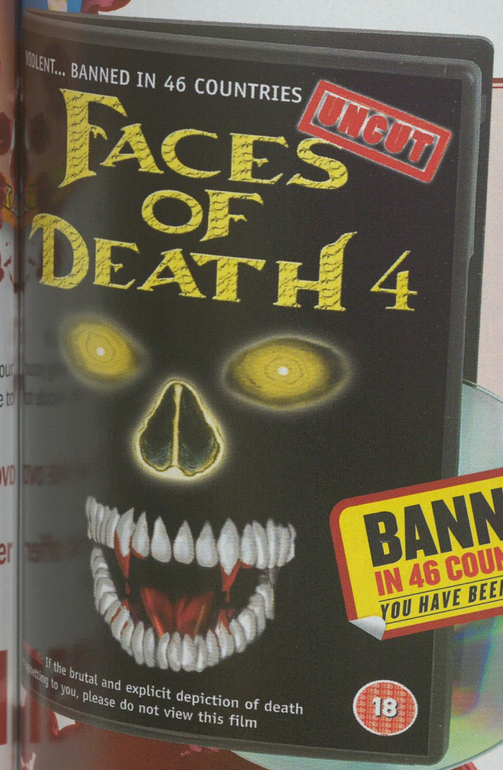
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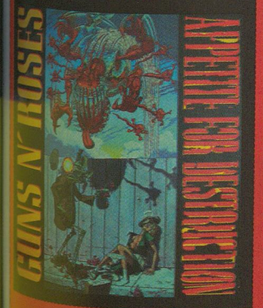

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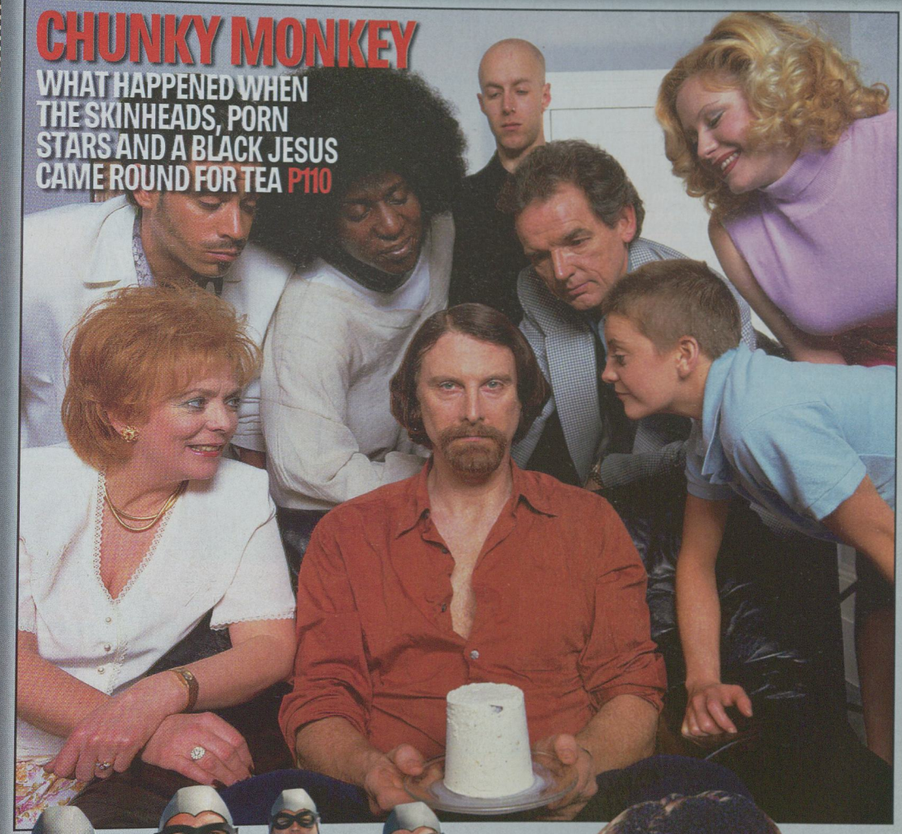

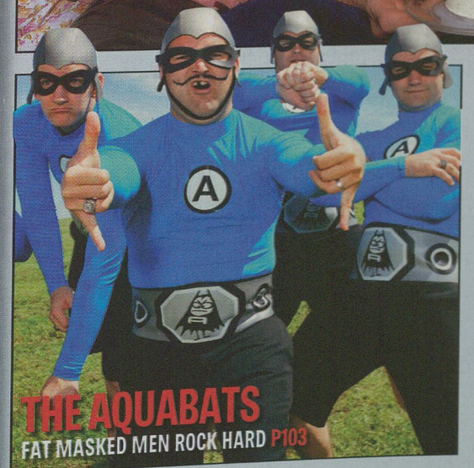

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"We've cut back on getting naked onstage – it's just not as pretty once you're past 25..."

ODDITORIUM OR WARLORDS OF MARS

OUT 13 SEPTEMBER, PARLOPHONE

You may have seen *Dig!*, the documentary chronicling the turbulent relationship between Portland's The Dandy Warhols and fellow West-coast rockers The Brian Jonestown Massacre. Both bands have 60s-based punning names, but while the BJM languish in obscurity, *Dig!* charts the Dandies' rise to European fame, glossy videos, and luxury tour buses, although they hilariously requisition the BJM's horrible apartment for a 'gritty' photoshoot.

We caught up with the band's Courtney Taylor-Taylor (vocals) and Zia McCabe (keyboards) on the hottest day of the year in London.

How has *Dig!* affected the band?
Courtney Taylor-Taylor: People seem to be more fond of us. Like they know us and like us.
Do people shout lines from the film at you at concerts now? I went to see The Brian Jonestown Massacre the other day, and someone shouted out 'You broke my fucking sitar!'
C: Oh! That's awesome. They wouldn't have lines like that from us, though. We're not quotable. Anton (lead singer in BJM) says good shit. We're the other band; we're the voyeurs.
Zia, you posed for pictures for the Suicide Girls site when you were pregnant – how was that?
Zia McCabe: It could have been better. It was over 100 degrees out. So there was tons of Photoshopping to make my face not look like a big tomato. But I'm really glad I did it.
C: Why didn't you do it in a studio with air con?
Z: I wanted to be in the backyard, on the grass. Pregnant. It wasn't supposed to be naughty or seductive. I water my plants. Swing in my hammock. It's natural. I didn't want to try and get people to want to have sex with me. People thought Suicide Girls was all about a certain bodyshape, or look, and that my shoot broadened Suicide Girls. But they won't do a pregnant girl again. Because they *do* have a narrow idea of what they want! They just wanted Zia from the Dandy Warhols on there, and this is the only way I'd do it!
What's the strangest thing that's been thrown at you onstage?
Peter Holmstrom: A Smiths single. I got hit on the head by 'Meat Is Murder' in Manchester. I kept it.
Z: Joints.

Do you smoke them? Or are you worried they might be laced with 'other things'?
Z: Yeah, sometimes if I get really stoned. It might feel like something else. I'm like, 'Oh my God, was that just pot?'
C: Is it acid? PCP? We're a good stoner band. Good people turn up, bring us grass, and are groovy to hang out with after shows. It's great.
Are there drugs you can't play music on?
C: Ecstasy.
Z: You cannot play on it. You think everything sounds good.
C: And coke. You can't understand a groove on coke. Those superfunksters could – like 'Funky Drummer' and all that shit – but not me. I'm sure Lemmy can rock the fuck out on coke. Or is he more into speed? We just rode over here on the plane with him. He was great. What a sweet, crusty old bear.
You play three-hour sets. Do you ever need a wee?
Z: You just go. I went onstage once. The stage was massive and outside, and it was too high to make it down. So, I went. Usually, I go downstairs. To a real toilet. These guys will play something acoustically. Or groove. I'm usually the only one who can't make it.
C: You *are* the only one.
Z: I have a hamster bladder.
C: And you suck down slow and steadily. Beer is a big pee-pee sensation.
Z: I've done shows when I didn't drink. Still couldn't make it through.
C: We played three-hour sets for a year. We were hoping to get tied into the whole jam band scene.
Z: But no-one would tie us.
C: No-one wants us as part of their gang.
Do you have any band catchphrases?
C: 'That's hot!' Did you see that Paris Hilton fucking copyrighted that?
That's like copyrighting 'goodbye'. What could you copyright?
Z: We can't tell you. Or you'll go and do it.
C: Uh huh. You'll have to try that one on some dumb band.
Why don't you get naked onstage any more?
C: Yeah, we don't, not publicly.
Z: It's just not as pretty as it used to be. It's more fun when you're 20, not past 25.

"I had a Smiths single thrown at my head at a show. 'Meat Is Murder' – I kept it

THE RESIDENTS
THIRD REICH AND ROLL

OUT NOW, MUTE

Inexplicably Nazi-themed psychedelic culture-burp from the art-rock pioneers with eyeballs for heads, this chops up the carcass of popular music's golden age and makes it into a highly unappetising finger buffet. Or: The Residents take classic songs and make them sound queasy and unpleasant. As with all of their best work, the results are creepy in the extreme, raising more questions than they answer. ***Kurt Lesbian***

MISFITS MEET THE NUTLEY BRASS
FIEND CLUB LOUNGE

OUT NOW, MISFITS RECORDS/RYKODISC

It's always a guaranteed cheap laugh: someone from an inappropriate musical style doing cover versions of songs from a wildly different genre. Witness the hilarity here as the Nutley Brass loungecore ensemble crack legendary horror-punks The Misfits' oeuvre. Like The Moog Cookbook before them, the Brass turn punk songs into elevator music, although sadly, not very well. I guess if you find this sort of thing hilarious you'll love it. ***Kate Hodges***

SIGUR RÓS
TAKK...

OUT 10 SEPTEMBER, EMI

The fourth proper Sigur Rós album delivers another hour of soothing Icelandic gobbledegook, although it's a bit more of a racket than usual. Some of it still sounds like it's being played backwards and underwater, but nice as it is, it's less weird and melancholy than their last couple. Full of orchestral crescendos and lots of drums, at times it even verges on jolly. Maybe they found happiness. Shame. ***Alex Godfrey***

NECRO AND ILL BILL
STREET VILLAINS 2

OUT NOW, PSYCHO + LOGICAL

New York bores shout horrid things over beats filched from Ghostface Killah and Michael Jackson. It's all sort-of "Schizo sadism up in your face, bitch/ I'm a put a 45 in your mouth and leave your body twitch…/ (…Ing)". On the plus side, the beats are oddly pleasant, and they certainly know how to treat a low-down, piece-of-shit slut-bitch (ie, they fuck her up the ass and then shoot her for the greater glory of Satan, or something.) Keeping it real and street and grimey, this makes the Geto Boys look… pretty fucking good, actually. Cunts. ***Duncan Bell***

THE AQUABATS

"IT'S NOT JUST ONE-DIMENSIONAL VIOLENCE"

CHARGE!!

OUT NOW, NITRO RECORDS, THEAQUABATS.COM

Self-proclaimed nerd punks The Aquabats aren't like other bands. While most musicians spend their spare time shagging groupies and/or snorting exotic powders, these Californians whip on a pair of tights and over-large outer-undies, and fight crime. The Aquabats are (apparently) keeping our streets free of evil monsters and unlike, say, The Fantastic 4, they're providing their own punk rock soundtrack. We spoke to bassist Crash McLarson, real name Chad Larson (shit, sorry mate), to find out more.

How did you come together as a band and as a team of superheroes?
"We were originally all in different bands, but we thought it would be fun to put a band together with all our friends. Initially, there wasn't a grand design. In fact, we did it to play a party really. We were pretty terrible, but people were like 'Wow, that was amazing. You guys should be a band.' So we just kept it up"
Do you have any superpowers?
"I'm the strong guy. You can tell by looking at me how strong and in shape I am. Years and years of working out."
How did you get them? A science experiment gone wrong? A bite from a mutant spider?
"It developed through the government. They're always doing crazy stuff, experimenting and stuff."
Who is the scariest villain you've faced?
"I think the Cobra Man is a pretty gnarly villain. I don't really like to fight animals, because of the conflict. People are trying to protect animals, but then we have to kill them when they're attacking us. It doesn't make us look great, when we kill the snake and make shoes out of it."

"I'm the Strong One – you can tell by looking at me how strong and in shape I am"

If the world was in serious danger and the president had one phone call, should he call you guys or the X-Men?
"The X-Men definitely have experience and time over us, but we're a lot better looking, so we get better press out of it."
How about the Justice League of America? They have Batman.
"I would still go for the Aquabats because we can go underwater. We're not limited to land. Unlike Batman, we can play music too. It's not just one-dimensional violence."
With all this saving the world and battling monsters, how do you find time to write music?
"It kind of goes hand in hand. The superhero thing is kind of our day job. You've got to pay the bills, you know? We're like guerrillas fighting crime, although I'm not too sure how we get money out of it. We accept donations. I guess we're like The A-Team. Hopefully we'll make enough money one way or the other, and we can retire from both.
In the song 'Pizza Day', you talk about eating a Sloppy Joe at school. We're English, so what is a Sloppy Joe?
"Over here in America, when they have to feed 500 kids in school, they get hamburger meat and a sauce, and mix it up. Then they put it on a hamburger bun, with pickles. When you're a kid, there's pretty much nothing better than a sloppy Joe."
So what are your future plans?
"We're going to be playing Europe and Japan soon. We've just filmed the video for 'Fashion Zombies'. Then we're planning on filming a TV pilot for a series, kinda like The Monkees, but better. Like superhero rock'n'roll icons." ***Brett Callwood***

PELICAN
THE FIRE IN OUR THROATS WILL BECKON THE THAW
OUT NOW, HYDRA HEAD

Egghead semi-metal for the cathedrals-of-crystalline-aching-beauty crowd, with stupid titles, long songs and the rancid stink of Pelican's fear of ROCK. It's not that this doesn't rock as hard as Sunn O))), Boris or something more trad like Metallica's 'Orion'. It's that it doesn't even rock as hard as lamers like fucking Mogwai or Sigur Rós. Bollocks, with no balls. Next! ***Kurt Lesbian***

GOLDFRAPP
SUPERNATURE
OUT 22 AUGUST, MUTE

Dear Alison Goldfrapp, Should you ever get to read this revolting little magazine then I would like you to know this: my name is Dave Kelsall. I'm the dunderhead that lays out this drivel and I think you're great. I've listened to your previous two albums over 1,000 times and I nearly wet myself when I got hold of *Supernature*. It's fucking ace – takes a couple of listens till you appreciate the genius, mind. I'll see you at Brixton on 6 October. (I'm the big ugly cunt that always pushes to the front and takes pictures of you non-stop during the set.) ***Dave*** ❤❤❤❤

WEEN
SHINOLA VOLUME 1
OUT 5 SEPTEMBER, SCHNITZEL

This collection of unreleased odds and ends is quintessentially Ween, in that it contains much miscellaneous oddness, tender love songs, and dead-on (but serious) pastiches: 'Monique The Freak' is dirty funk that sounds like Prince at his best, while 'Gabrielle', which apes Thin Lizzy, is the most rockingest rock I've heard in ages, and would go straight to Number One if this was 1975. Which it isn't. ***Alex Godfrey***

BASIL KIRCHIN
ABSTRACTIONS OF THE INDUSTRIAL NORTH
OUT NOW, TRUNK

A gorgeous piece of work, this sounds more like the north of pills and thrills than of dark, Satanic mills. At times it chugs away like a lovelorn Phillip Glass sat in an old-man's pub with a bunch of hard-bitten, Woodbine-smoking, English jazzmen; at others it's like theme-music for a 70s gameshow like *Sale Of The Century*, reimagined by Ennio Morricone. Basil Kirchin passed away recently, and this is a fitting epitaph. Not one for the macho boys, though. ***Duncan Bell***

TWINK

MAKING CUTE AND CREEPY MUSIC FOR IMAGINARY FRIENDS

SUPERCUTE! AND THE TOY BOX
BOTH OUT NOW, MULATTA RECORDS, TWINK.NET

Are you the kind of punk, biker or bizarro parent that would kill to get your mitts on some music that both you and your kids can go crazy to? If so, put that knife away, because eccentric muso Mike Langlie's deranged Twink is the solution to your frustration.

What inspired you to create Twink, and why is it composed of toy instruments?
I've always had a soft spot for anything whimsical and weird. My house is filled with crazy Japanese toys. I went through a few *serious* musical phases before getting bored and trying something silly and fun. It's not the coolest direction to take, but it's a natural fit for me.

"Kids either go into a trance or march around banging things when they hear my music"

What's the fascination with toy pianos?
I literally stumbled upon my first toy piano at a junk shop, and instantly fell in love. The toy piano is a completely ridiculous thing – a cheaply built, out-of-tune, tiny bastardisation of the grandest of instruments. I have over two dozen now and each has its own imperfect character.

There's a cartoon-like, decidedly odd feel to your music – what are your influences?
I was a TV addict growing up and absorbed an unhealthy dose of Warner Brothers cartoons. That alone probably had the most damaging influence on my musical tastes. I'm fascinated by cartoon and novelty music from the early days – Carl Stalling, Spike Jones, Raymond Scott. Even my modern tastes lean towards the comically extreme – Naked City, Fantômas, Venetian Snares. I'm also an illustrator, and my art has a cartoony bent. I surround myself with quirky junk to use as inspiration – lots of tacky smiling saltshakers and scary plastic bunnies.

Although whimsical on the surface, it feels like there's also a sense of menace to Twink.
I was raised in a household where the other shoe was always waiting to drop. Life was fun, but my siblings and I were constantly warned about outlandish dangers lurking around every corner. That kind of subconscious paranoia definitely coloured my worldview.

What's the deal with the bunny – mascot or muse?
Truth be told, I hate real rabbits. They're nasty, filthy beasts wrapped in a cute disguise. But somehow I can't resist the icon of an innocent, fluffy bunny.

When I was working on the picture book for the first CD, I knew the rabbit would become the visual persona of Twink – adorable on the surface, but kind of creepy underneath.

Why did you cover Metallica's 'Enter Sandman'?
It's got a great hook that translates well into the kind of goofy melodies I like. A lot of people undoubtedly consider Twink to be children's music. Well, adults seem to forget the emotional life of kids is pretty complex. There's plenty of frustration and fear facing kids every day. Some of the really sugar-coated kiddie entertainment of today ignores that and seems somewhat soulless. All the classic fairy tales are overflowing with dangerous scenarios and genuinely crazy characters.

How do kids react to your music?
I've been at homes and stores where it's been put on the stereo and kids tend to either fall into a trance, or start marching around, banging along on their own toys and furniture.

Did you have imaginary friends as a kid?
My parents have pictures of imaginary bands and audiences I set up, made up of my stuffed animals. I guess I'm finally making the music they would have played.
Billy Chainsaw

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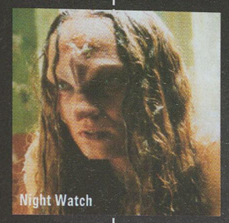
FRIGHTFEST

THE WORLD'S GORIEST HORROR FESTIVAL TEARS INTO TOWN

25-29 AUGUST, ODEON WEST END. FRIGHTFEST.CO.UK

In these troubled times we live in, it would be a delightful thing this bank holiday weekend to sit in the park with your friends and loved ones, drinking soda pop, making daisy chains and appreciating the beauty of nature. Alternatively, you could embrace life's badness by buying a four-day pass to Frightfest, the UK's biggest horror and fantasy film festival, gorging on popcorn and scaring yourself stupid. Now in its fifth year, Frightfest is coming of age, going all corporate, and dressing up snazzy by fleeing the modest environs of London's Prince Charles Cinema and setting up camp at the Odeon West End, smack in the heart of the tourist hell-pit they call Leicester Square. This year's Frightfest is the best yet, screening a slew of future classics well before their official release dates, many of them accompanied by members of cast and crew. Let's look at some of the highlights, why don't we.


Night Watch

LAND OF THE DEAD

I'm not going to spend any more page space in this issue on Romero's new zombie film – go back to p76 to educate yourself. Before this screens on the opening night of Frightfest, it will be preceded by Romero's original *...Dead* trilogy – all of them – and the man himself will be at the *Land...* screening to show off, along with make-up guru Greg Nicotero.

DOMINION: PREQUEL TO THE EXORCIST

This is a real coup. For those who don't know (ie, people who don't spend an unhealthy amount of time on film websites), here's what happened. Film studio Morgan Creek hired Paul Schrader, writer of *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull* (and, more recently, director of *Auto Focus*) to direct a prequel to William Friedkin's *The Exorcist* in 2002, but when he was done shooting, the studio decided the film wasn't commercial enough and hired shit-arse Hollywood director Renny Harlin to start all over again, and he reshot much of it, re-cast some of it, and threw in some more obvious scares. The film was released last year, broke even at the box-office and was critically slammed, because it was shit. After much internet campaigning, the studio allowed Schrader to finish his version, and it got a small US release in May this year. At the moment there's no UK theatrical distribution on the cards, so this Frightfest screening will be one of your only opportunities to see it in the cinema. The story follows Father Merrin (Stellan Skarsgård) after a horrific Holocaust ordeal – he leaves the priesthood and goes to excavate a church buried in the sand in Africa. And then the demon arrives, presumably. Word is the film's much more dread-ridden and sober than Harlin's crapfest. Go see it.

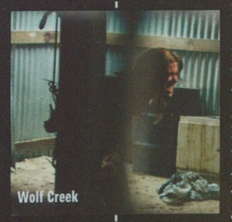
Land Of The Dead

Sadistic and bleak, *Wolf Creek* is everything *Texas Chainsaw* should be but isn't

Dominion: Prequel To The Exorcist

NIGHT WATCH

Tarantino's called it a fantasy masterpiece. Danny Boyle says it's a true successor to *The Matrix*, but don't let that put you off. The first of a trilogy, Russian director Timur Bekmambetov's opus concerns a whole new universe within our own, in which forces of light battle with forces of darkness (witches, vampires and sorcerers), as each eagerly await the prophesied arrival of 'The Great Other', who's due to come along and pick a side to fight on, settling the score for good. Set in Moscow, it's a little convoluted but wildly original and exciting, and you'll never see a more creative use of subtitles. Not released for normal people until 7 October.


Wolf Creek

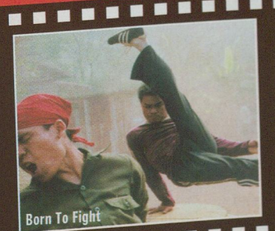
WOLF CREEK

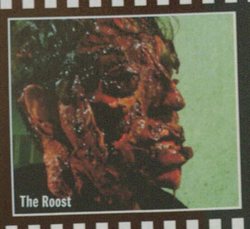
Closing the festival on Monday night is *Wolf Creek*, which I think may be the most sadistic film ever. It's so bleak and horrible I was on the verge of walking out a couple of times, wondering why someone would want to make such a nasty film. Everything people say *Texas Chainsaw* is, but isn't, *Wolf Creek* follows three young people as they get into a spot of bother with something monstrous in the Australian outback. There's no Hollywood crap in this one. Forget the recent excuses for horror – *Cabin Fever*, *The Ring*, *The Grudge*, whatever, this projectile-shits on all of them, and made me feel like a scared child. You should really take advantage of this early Frightfest showing, because the less you know about the plot, the scarier it will be. Go see it before the masses get their chance on 16 September. Director Greg McLean will be present at the screening. ***Alex Godfrey***

ALSO SHOWING...

More Frightfest highlights include the very gory *2001 Maniacs*, starring Freddy Krueger himself, Robert Englund; Jake West's comic gorefest *Evil Aliens* (with cast and crew in attendance); *Born To Fight*, from the writer of the glorious punch-fest *Ong-Bak*; Dario Argento's Hitchcockian murder mystery *Do You Like Hitchcock?*, and many more.

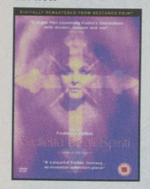
The festival runs from Friday 26 to Monday 29 August. For all further details go to Frightest.co.uk.


Born To Fight


The Roost

GIULETTA DEGLI SPIRITI (JULIET OF THE SPIRITS)

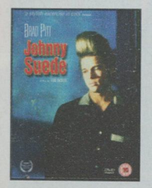
OUT NOW



"The cinema," Federico Fellini once wrote, "is very much like the circus." Whether he meant it's a weird and often scary place, or that it relies on a skilful balance of rehearsal and improvisation, I'm not quite sure, but this wonderful film bears out either interpretation. Here, Fellini definitively abandons the realist tradition, taking the potentially drab tale of a sexually repressed housewife's midlife crisis and using it to plunge the viewer into a brightly lit dreamworld of surreal imagery and séance-room spirits. ***David Sutton***

JOHNNY SUEDE

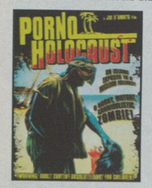
OUT 5 SEPTEMBER



Tom DeCillo's best film stars Brad Pitt as an intense, confused, sensitive twerp. His head's stuck somewhere in the 1950s, as is his entire physical appearance, and he bumbles his way through life attempting (and failing) to understand women. Nick Cave pops up, with an enormous white quiff, as rock star asshole Freak Storm. This is one of the best films to come out of the early-90s American indie scene, and it's a reminder of how good – and funny – Brad Pitt can be when he's cast well. ***Alex Godfrey***

PORNO HOLOCAUST

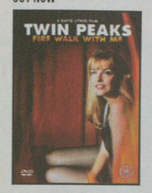
OUT 5 SEPTEMBER. Media-blasters.com



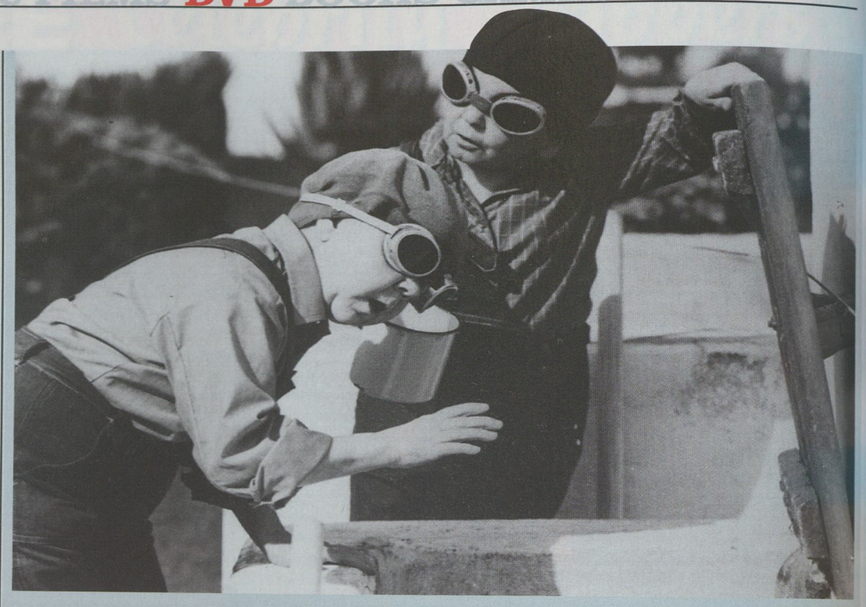
Here, director Joe D'Amato tries to merge his two favourite genres, porn and horror, with mixed results. A group of female scientists go to an exotic island to investigate biological mutations caused by radiation fallout. They encounter a monster that kills them off one by one with the aid of his huge schlong. The movie combines hardcore sex with low-grade gore, but is bogged down by a lethargic pace and the 'monster' is, in reality, just a black guy with a bit of make-up and a big dick. ***Brendan Maltman***

FIRE WALK WITH ME

OUT NOW



Perhaps David Lynch's most underrated film, *Fire Walk With Me* is closest in tone to the similarly incomprehensible *Mulholland Drive*. It starts out as a jolly, boy's-own tale of zen-like FBI super-geeks investigating a murder. However, the jollity is brittle and we're soon plunged into a nightmarish muddle of backwards dialogue and extreme violence. It will try the patience of many, but persevere and this vicious headfuck of a film will scorch itself indelibly onto the plasma-screen of your mind. ***Duncan Bell***



WERNER HERZOG BOXSET

FIVE SLICES OF MENTAL GERMAN FILM GENIUS

An idiot boy is found wandering the streets. He's spent his whole life imprisoned in a hole in the ground but has now been released or escaped. He knows nothing of the world. Is he human? Are the people into whose society he has been unleashed human? Are we?

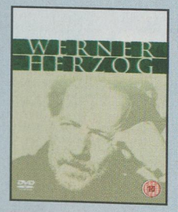
Dwarfs run riot. They crucify a monkey, burn typewriters and lust after tall women. Are they insane? Criminal? Or merely different?

A town is in decline. Once it was known for producing a certain, very fine type of glass. Now, the glassmaker has died and the town has no reason to exist. Into this steps an outside force. He seems to understand what the townspeople do not. But is he awake or are they? Who is appearing in whose dream?

Welcome to unreality TV. Welcome to the world of Werner Herzog.

Herzog is best known for his work with Klaus Kinski, but this box collects his work with other actors. In all the films here, Herzog experiments with blurring and smearing documentary and fiction together. He also makes outrageous, dazzling conceptual leaps.

In *Heart Of Glass*, all the actors playing the townspeople were hypnotised before each day's filming. Only leading man Josef Bierbichler,



WERNER HERZOG BOXSET
OUT 22 AUGUST, ANCHOR BAY

playing the mage or mystic who offers them a glimpse of their future, was in a 'normal' state.

Even Dwarfs Started Small is both a morality tale about how outsiders are treated and a fever dream of unreality and horror. It is also a film in which all of the parts are played by dwarfs. Like *Freaks*, it manages to be both exploitative and crass and oddly humane, all at once. Unlike *Freaks*, it all but ditches narrative, replacing it with a jaw-dropping, surrealist image-stream.

The Enigma Of Kaspar Hauser, the best-known of these films, introduces an acting genius to rival Kinski in the form of Bruno S. His performance as the animal-man of the title is one of the most astonishing in film history. He brilliantly conveys the bewilderment, pain and joy of a man discovering the world for the first time, even as he is prodded, examined and tested by a bunch of starched-shirts and grotesques (shades of David Lynch's *The Elephant Man* here).

Herzog's work is about so much more than just acting or plot. His films are dreams from which you struggle to awake. Be warned: I've had to watch all five of these slices of madness (also included are the mesmerising desert odyssey *Fata Morgana*, and another Bruno S film, *Stroszek*) in a week for the purposes of this review. The real world now seems drab and colourless. You've never seen anything like this. ***Duncan Bell***

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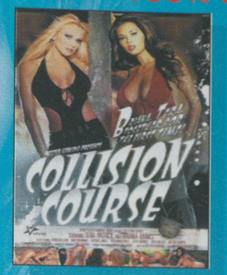

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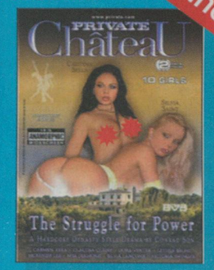

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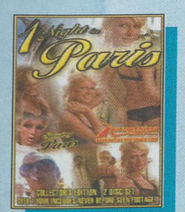

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FRANKENSTEIN

OUT NOW

Starring Luke Goss as Frankenstein's monster, this made-for-TV version of Mary Shelley's classic desperately needs a jolt of electricity to spark things up. Goss broods rather than lumbers, there's no bolt through his neck, and his head is disappointingly human-shaped. This film sticks hard and fast to the book, but is so leaden the dramatic East European landscapes make far more of an impression than the actors. It's difficult to make a boring Frankenstein film, but Hallmark have succeeded. ***Kate Hodges***

SADOMANIA

OUT NOW

Prison is a holiday camp, and this documentary proves it. Thanks to the do-gooders, hot blonde sluts convicted of appalling crimes like 'driving through private property' are given 'punishments' like forced hairy-pie-chomping, and having to peck at the ground with a pickaxe while topless. Admittedly, bad behaviour is *sometimes* punished by being fucked by dogs, and the governor may *occasionally* shoot one the big-titted miscreants for sport, then feed them to obviously plastic crocodiles. But even so, I ask you, is this justice? ***Duncan Bell***

FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS

OUT 5 SEPTEMBER

Johnny Depp is entirely remarkable in this, bringing pill-poppin', gun-totin' maniac Hunter S Thompson to vivid life, cigarette holder clenched between teeth brought grindingly close by adrenochrome, yage, peyote and other arcane narcotics, rapping out dispatches from a world plummeting towards its ultimate fucking deathtrip under the watchful, pyramidical one-eye of the goat-fucking hordes of Richard Nixon. Terry Gilliam's best film, Depp's second-best performance. A must. ***Duncan Bell***

SATANICO PANDEMONIUM

OUT NOW

In the beginning was the word and that word was NUNSPLOITATION! Young, hot Sister Maria is plagued by visions of Lucifer and inevitably succumbs to her carnal desires, bringing death and destruction in her wake. Fairly tame stuff compared to other films in the genre, but still well made considering the low budget, with director Gilberto Martinez Solarez managing to squeeze in brief scenes of self-flagellation, lesbianism and a convent full of devil-worshipping degenerates. See Mondomacabrodvd.com. ***Brendan Maltman***

CHUNKY MONKEY

SKINHEADS, PORN STARS AND A BLACK JESUS POP IN FOR A CUP OF TEA

CHUNKY MONKEY
OUT 22 AUGUST, REVOLVER

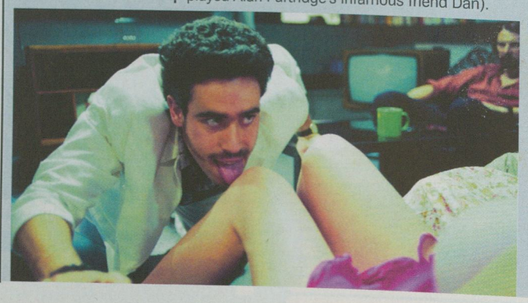
"I've had to be resilient all the way," says Greg Cruttwell, director of *Chunky Monkey*. "From the moment I wrote it and got it out to industry people to try to get it financed, everyone by and large responded positively, saying they loved it and hadn't seen anything like it, but that I'd never get it made and no-one would ever fund it."

Greg, who has previously acted in a few films (notably as the sleazy Jeremy Smart in Mike Leigh's *Naked*), came up with the initial idea of a psychotic man with a fetishistic fantasy involving Julie Andrews and a tub of Ben & Jerry's Chunky Monkey ice cream in 1999. His intention was to make something "totally unique and unlike anything anyone had ever seen before", and it is that – very odd, ridiculous, and unpredictable, with a host of eclectic (and mostly great) performances. It's set during one evening in Donald Leek's (David Threlfall from *Shameless*) flat, during which he is treated to a slew of uninvited guests, including some skinheads on a mission from God; a porn actress; Jesus, who has been reincarnated as an enormous black man from Streatham called Trevor; and a very romantic cabaret singer (Stephen Mangan, who played Alan Partridge's infamous friend Dan).

People told Greg the film was too risqué and contentious to begin with, and he had to get it funded privately. But getting it made turned out to be the least of his worries. It was shot in February 2000, and is only now getting a release, on DVD, due to an unprecedented onslaught of legal issues and threats.

"The movie originally ended with Trevor, as the black Jesus, singing a reggae version of 'The Hills Are Alive With The Sound Of Music' on a rooftop," he says. "But Rogers and Hammerstein heard about the movie, and through EMI came to us and said it sounded depraved, and asked us to take the song out, or they'd issue an injunction against it. We were in David and Goliath mode and said, 'No way, come and get us.' But they just leant on us – they have a multimillion-dollar arsenal – and I had to take it out. We stood firm on everything else. Unilever, who own Ben & Jerry's, told us we couldn't use the title *Chunky Monkey*, and had to take out all references to it, and we refused. And I think it got past the suits at Unilever and someone there saw the film and quite liked it, and they gave us written permission. The irony is Ben & Jerry's had nicked the name Chunky Monkey anyway, from a woman who created a kids' cartoon in America. And then *she* came out and said the film was depraved and we couldn't use *Chunky Monkey*. And Julie Andrews apparently got whiff of it and wasn't happy about it, and her manager contacted us, but I can't see there's anything legally she can do. It doesn't show her in any bad light at all."

So, finally, five years after it was shot, the film is available for your viewing pleasure. And Greg hasn't been put off by his legal obstacle course in the slightest – he's just finished writing *Chunky Monkey 2: The Musical*, and insists he will remain as uncompromising if the lawyers come knocking again. Bring it on. ***Alex Godfrey***



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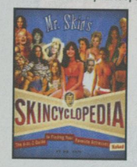
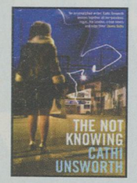


Attention, wankers! Want to see some flesh without having to visit the 'marital aids' shop? Then you need this guide to every naked onscreen appearance by every passably attractive actress. EVER! A real joy to read, it describes Sondra Locke as "adventurously boobular," toasts Dame Judy Dench's "devil's dumplings", and also makes sensitive reference to *Cosby Show* actress Robin Givens' "chocolate milk sacks". Ain't life gland? ***Duncan Bell***

THE NOT KNOWING
CATHI UNSWORTH

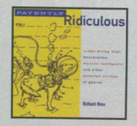
Serpent's Tail; £7.99; ISBN 1852428929



London's streets are awash with gore. A tramp is strangled, his throat sliced into a mock grin; a film director is disembowelled in a grim tribute to his famous movie. Journalist Diana Kemp has the director's last interview before his death and is about to find out how badly the killer wants the tapes back. Cathi Unsworth has produced a genuinely creepy novel that will have you glancing nervously over your shoulder as you walk home at night. ***Susanna Taggart***

PATENTLY RIDICULOUS
RICHARD ROSS

Plume; £7.99; ISBN 0452285879

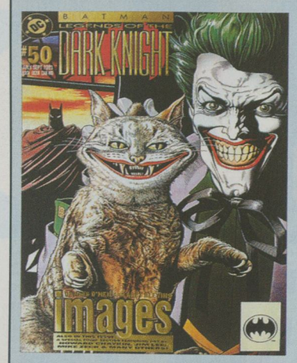


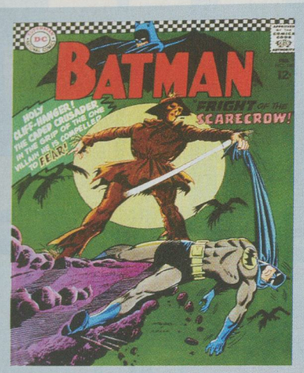
With illustrations from the inventors' own diagrams, this book reveals the weirdest inventions logged at the US Patent Office. Feast your eyes on gems such as the Mobile Morgue and the Condom-In-A-Nut Novelty. My personal favourites are the Easter Tomb Pendant, complete with moving stone, and the Human Free-flight Catapult, which "catapults a human rider, enclosed within a capsule, into the air in much the same fashion as ancient armies would hurl large boulders over the walls of castles." It never caught on. ***Denise Stanborough***

AESTHETIC SURGERY
ANGELICA TASCHEN

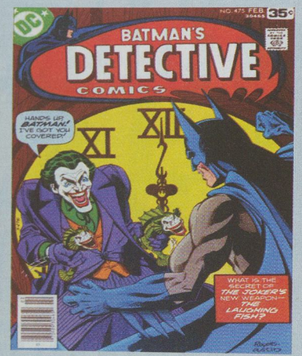
Taschen; £29.99; ISBN 3922930038

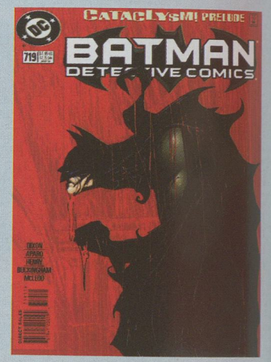
A lavishly illustrated guide to beautification through the slashing, stitching, freezing, and gouging of skin. Every form of operation is dissected, while interviews with well-known plastic surgeons sit next to chapters on plastic surgery in the movies, and musings on how race and politics dictate how surgery differs from country to country. The full-colour, full-page penis enlargement and vaginal aesthetic surgery pictures will make you wince. Possibly best kept off the coffee table and in the bathroom. ***Kate Hodges***

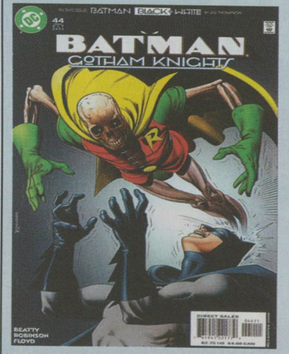


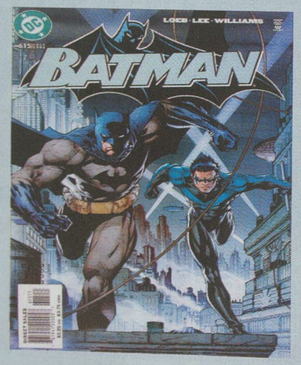


BAT MAN
AND NOW I'LL HAVE THE MOST VALUABLE LIVE TROPHIES IN THE WORLD—BATMAN AND ROBIN FROZEN IN BLOCKS OF ICE!
The ICE CRIMES of Mr. ZERO!









BATMAN: COVER TO COVER

HOLY COFFEE TABLES! IT'S A DARK KNIGHT COMPENDIUM!

VARIOUS ARTISTS

DC COMICS; £24.99; ISBN 1845761006

I've been put in charge of writing this review, mainly because Alex noticed I have a badly drawn, wonky and faded tattoo of the Batman logo on my right arm. So I must be an expert, right? Not really… I still haven't seen the latest film. Anyway whatever, I rather like this book. It's rammed with tons of brilliant full-colour pics from some of the most exciting Batman comics ever produced. As a designer, I'm pleased to see they've kept the words to a minimum – and those words are from a decent crop of experts like Chipp Kid (you should check out his excellent 'Batman Collected' book), Brian Bolland and er… Mark Hamill. But nobody actually reads ever these books do they? Just look at the pretty pictures and go get a tattoo like I did. ***Dave Kelsall***

ENCHANTING CHILDREN'S BEAUTY PAGEANT PHOTOS

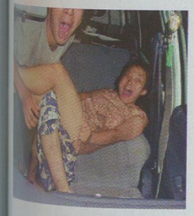
PLUS: DANGEROUS DOG DISGUISES, DIY SQUIRREL DENTISTRY, NAKED CHINESE PHOTO CLUB, AND WORSE!

PHOTOSHOP GONE MAD
IAMESWITHATTITUDE.FAITHWEB.COM/PHOTO.HTML

"Entries will be judged on facial beauty, expression & fashion, and overall appeal of photo. These should be professional pictures, "but should not be extremely or overly retouched*."

SURPRISE!
CHINAPLACE.RU/LJ/CHINA_SEX.HTM

Chinese man with a death wish and a camera takes up a new hobby: photographing couples down a local lovers' lane and posting the results on the internet.

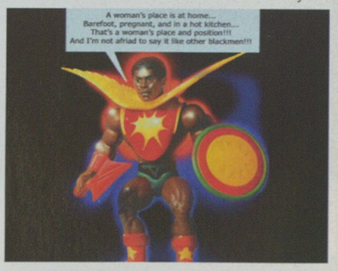


HOW TO TRIM SQUIRREL'S TEETH
MARY.CC/SQUIRRELS/TRIMTEETH.HTM

"Wrap the squirrel up like a squirrel burrito and insert wood dowel into mouth to protect tongue and mouth…"

BLACKTOWN
BLACKTOWN.NET

Surely Blacktown can't be "THE ONLY BLACK ORGANIZATION THAT EXPOSES AND OPPOSES LESBIAN FEMINISM WITCHCRAFT!!" Can they?


A woman's place is at home...
Barefoot, pregnant, and in a hot kitchen...
That's a woman's place and position!!!
And I'm not afraid to say it like other blackmen!!!

DANGEROUS DOG DISGUISES
ATTACKCHI.ORG.AU/

"Are you sick of people looking at your breed of dog in fear because politicians and the media are saying things like;

- 'We want to breed these dogs out of existence'
- 'They are killing machines on a leash'
- 'These breeds don't belong in our community'

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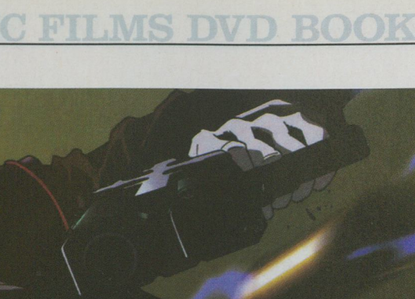
GUNGRAVE OVERDOSE

MANGA MARAUDER OPERATES SHOOT-TO-KILL POLICY. WITH PREJUDICE

OUT 19 AUGUST; PLAY IT; PS2; £19.99

Incomprehensible Japanese manga slaughter with the safety catch most definitely set to off. You play Grave – or Beyond The Grave, to give him his full title – who has been woken from, where else, beyond the grave, to kick baddie Yakuza ass by shooting a large variety of larger weapons right in their stupid faces. Or, and this is new, smashing your coffin, which you carry round your neck on a chain, over their stupid heads. Essentially: Shoot everything and anything that moves and everything that doesn't too and you'll be right. Disturbingly addictive if you like that kind of thing, and a bargain to boot at 20 nicker. *Greg Hughes*



KING OF FIGHTERS 2002

OUT 26 AUGUST; SNK; XBOX, PS2; £19.99

If you're 1,000 years old, like me, you'll remember sitting in your mate's bedroom playing games like this and thinking things like, 'Whoa! These graphics are fucking amazing – it is UNBELIEVABLE that five years ago we were playing *Horace Goes Skiing* and calling that a way to waste our lives away. Shit, is that your mum? Quick, hide the fucking spliff! No, throw it out the window and act Normal.' If you're not, you'll still have a good time kicking two-dimensional arris with any one of the ludicrously weaponed 44 fighters on offer here. Top beat-'em-up action with ridiculous Engrish voice acting thrown in for free and bonus epilepsy-inducing flashing lights. Fight! *Greg Hughes*

WORMS 4: MAYHEM

OUT NOW; CODEMASTERS; PS2, PC, XBOX; £29.99 (PS2, XBOX), £19.99 (PC)

I haven't played any of the recent incarnations of this kiddies'-cartoon take on Battleships, but I can tell you that this new one features surprisingly little in the way of mayhem. Isn't it ironic. Don't you think? It's like rain on your wedding day. Or a free ride when you've already paid. It's the good advice that you just didn't take. Like, maybe, "Don't buy *Worms 4*." You do get to pilot helicopters and drop exploding cows, shoot poison arrows, slither around 3D environments and customise your worms with zany madcap sunglasses and moustaches, but I liked it better when it was 2D and you were just shooting things at each other from opposing clifftops. But we've already gone on about *Horace Goes Skiing* on this page, so at the risk of seeming like even more of a crusty old bastard I'll stop right now. *Alex Godfrey*

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OFFENSIVE CD ART

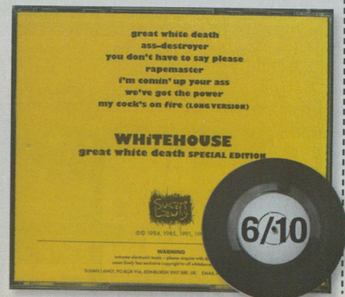
GREETINGS, POP PICKERS, AND WELCOME TO THE SHIT PARADE! ARE THESE DISCS DISC-GUSTING? NOT 'ARF!

WORDS **DUNCAN BELL**

Some album covers achieve icon status – just think of *Sgt Pepper's…*, *Dark Side Of The Moon* or *Manowar's Greatest Hits*. Some, however, strive for something even greater – causing massive amounts of offence to parents, friends, houseguests, the local Imam and the police. Here are the most disgusting, disturbing and outrageous album covers we can actually show you under Britain's boring old anti-obscenity laws.

OOH! NAUGHTY WORDS!

Whitehouse: Their entire back catalogue
Whitehouse's records tend to come in plain sleeves. Now and then they'll have a bit of Trevor Brown's paedo-art or a picture of a serial killer, but so what, frankly. But those track titles! Manna from Heaven for liberal-baiting try-hards with bolts through their noses, they include such classics as 'Shit Fun', 'Rape Day', 'My Cock's On Fire', 'Right To Kill' and everyone's favourite, 'I'm Coming Up Your Ass' ("I'm tired of your cunt/… And you won't like it sugar!")



6/10

AUTOPSIES, RAPE, RACISM AND… MORE RAPE

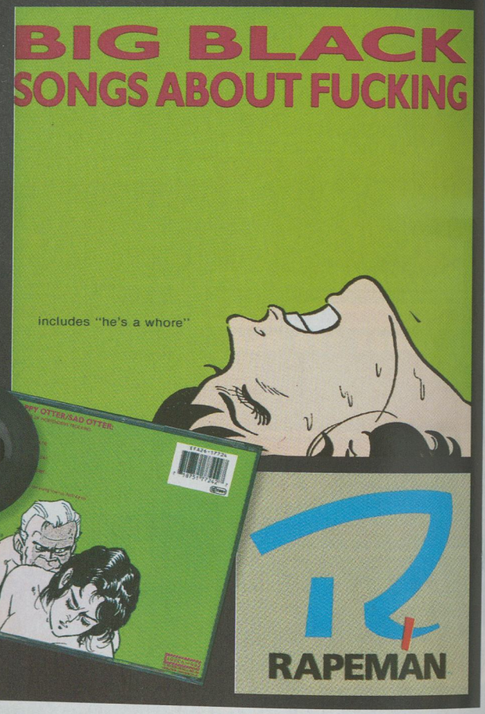
Big Black: *Headache/Songs About Fucking*
Steve Albini is a dull old fart now, but in the 80s and 90s he was to good-natured fun what Islamic terrorism is to Tube travel. This lovely diptych of images (top) from his band Big Black's *Headache* EP show the after-effects of a suicidal shotgun blast. Quite a successful one. The EP featured songs about stomping on the head of a deformed baby – 'My Disco' – and killing anyone who uses your powertools (which is fair enough, actually.) – 'Grinder'.

Below, we see the thought-provoking front cover of Big Black's (ho ho!) 'seminal' second album *Songs About Fucking*. Not only does this have a distasteful image of rape, manga-style, it also features an absolutely repulsive colour combination. Lyrical content includes songs about fisting, Mafia hits, and murdering women for being 'loose'.

Albini subsequently excelled himself in the field of causing mass offence – to the 10,000 or so people in the whole world who had heard of him, at any rate – with his band Rapeman (logo, bottom right). Their album, *Two Nuns And A Packmule*, featured unprovoked verbal assaults on everyone from vegetarians to marmosets to the Chinese.

Albini was also mates with Nate from Urge Overkill. Their one-off collaboration, 'Pray I Don't Kill You Faggot', appeared on a compilation of avant-garde guitar music. The name of the band? Run, Nigger, Run, after a song by notorious Nazi skins Skrewdriver. Albini later produced Nirvana, and subsequently had himself listed in the Chicago phonebook as 'Dead Cobain'.

In short, he is the most offensive man in modern music. Well done, Steve!



10/10

G N' R THIGHS

8/10

Guns N' Roses: *Appetite For Destruction*
You can picture the creative meeting at Geffen for this one, can't you?

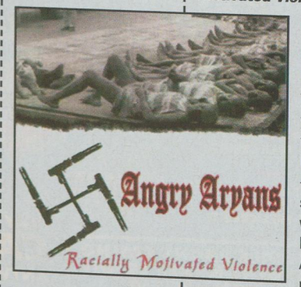
"Yeah, me and the guys want a woman on the cover." "Yep, sounds good Axl." "And a robot, who's just finished raping her." "Umm…" "And then, right, there's like this fucked-up *thing* with knives for teeth and skull-and-crossbones blood-sperm coming off it jumping over the wall." "Errr… That sounds very, uh, *creative*, Axl…"

The assembled works of Steve Albini. The Mercury Prize judges won't even return his calls

NAZI FUCKWITS

10/10

Angry Aryans: *Racially Motivated Violence*



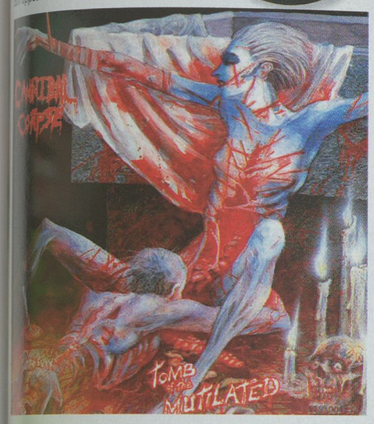
Angry Aryans: it's political incorrectness gone mad!

These are the Angry Aryans, and as you can see, they are members of the master race. Most Nazi bands keep their front covers ambiguous – lots of 'mystical' symbols; skinheads, their hearts swelling with patriotic pride; and men on horseback, for some reason. Angry Aryans have no truck with such pussyfooting. Dead black people. Lots of them. And songs like 'Nigger Loving Whore' and 'Faggots (Give Rainbows A Bad Name)'.

CADAVERS NEED CUDDLES

5/10

Cannibal Corpse: *Tomb Of The Mutilated*
Necrophilia sir? Certainly! And how does sir like it served? Orally? With organs on display? But of course, sir. Bon appetit!



VERY 'SPECIAL' COVERS

7/10

Jesus Lizard: *Wheelchair Epidemic*
The Tards: *I'm Just Like You*
The Stupids: *Retard Picnic*
Mocking the disabled is not, perhaps, the most challenging way of offending people. The Tards' album has all the sensitivity one would expect of a musical project that involves Adam Parfrey and Boyd Rice. The Stupids' single is retarded. Jesus Lizard perhaps take the prize for tastiness by throwing in some sex and sexism as well, and a dunce's cap to really ram the point home.

RACIAL HARMONY

6/10

Richard And Willie: *Funky Honkey, Nasty Nigger*
Isn't this a nice image, and just what the doctor ordered after Angry Aryans' negative view on race relations? Somehow, it manages to successfully combine the word that is found to be more offensive than any other in surveys on such things (clue: it's neither 'funky' nor 'honkey') with classic 70s sleaziness, an absolutely horrid colour palette and, worst of all, ventriloquism. Richard and Willie are a comedy duo, in case you were wondering.

5/10

XMAS COMES EARLY FOR HEADLINE WRITERS

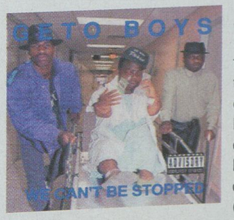
Millie Jackson: *Back To The Shit*
Career going down the toilet? Crap record? We wouldn't wipe our arses on this album? Dire-ear? Time to faece the music? A turd in your ear? One for the floating voter? Poo-sic?

This is soul 'legend' (in the sense that nobody has heard of her) Millie Jackson. She has no dignity.

COP AN EYEFUL

4/10

Geto Boys: *We Can't Be Stopped*
Or, more accurately, *We Can't Be Stopped… Even When One Of Us Tries To Commit Suicide And Ends Up Shooting His Eye Out*. Taken immediately after Bushwick Bill's failed suicide bid, for sheer exploitation value this is hard to beat. But as is often the case with the Geto Boys, the sheer patheticness of this image, and the obvious love that the other members of the group have for Bill (that's them pushing the trolley) leaves them looking not so much like bad-ass gangstas as mildly heroic halfwits battling their pitiful circumstances.

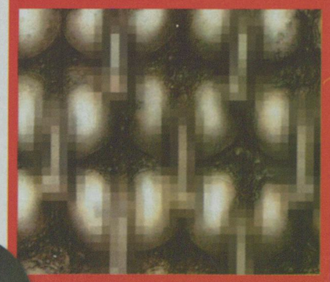


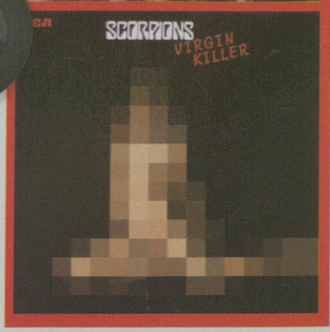
TOO VILE TO SHOW

11/10

Dead Kennedys: *Frankenchrist*
The Scorpions: *Virgin Killer*
The Man won't let us show *any* aspect of these covers. The DKs commissioned corpulent pornographer HR Giger to provide an insert to their awful album *Frankenchrist* and he obliged with a hallucinogenic collage of cocks going up arses.

The Scorpions, meanwhile, served up the crassest heavy metal album cover EVER with *Virgin Killer*. This featured a picture of a very (VERY) young, naked girl with an image of cracked glass superimposed over her vagina. Subtle, huh? Unsurprisingly, it was quickly pulled, then reissued with a picture of the Scorps preening on the front instead. So an underage fanny was replaced by overaged pricks.





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"ALIENS MADE ME ILL"

IT'S NOT JUST ANAL PROBES AND MUTANT BABIES, ENCOUNTERING A UFO CAN LEAVE YOU WITH MYSTERIOUS DISEASES

WORDS RONAN SHIELDS

Since a UFO sighting eight years ago, 62-year-old Terence Parker-Hall has suffered a series of physical ailments that have defied medical explanation or treatment.

What happened to you?
One night I woke up around 2.30am because it was very hot. It was a clear night and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. As I went into the back garden for a cigarette my eye was caught by an extremely brilliant white light, it was like a torch shining in my eyes. I wouldn't be able to say what shape it was and there was also a smaller light some way behind. It is difficult to assess how far away the lights were, but I'd say they were about 200ft above me.

It started to move over the top of my house very, very slowly, without making any noise. I followed it into the front garden. It then stopped dead, as did the light behind, and as I was looking up at the light it did a U-turn and then it just disappeared into thin air, leaving no trail. The speed of it was unbelievable.

How long did the whole episode last?
The encounter lasted for about 10 minutes, if that.

When did you first start getting ill?
The following morning my left elbow started rapidly swelling up like an orange and I had skin lesions all over me.

I went to hospital the next morning and when they tried to inject my elbow with a local anaesthetic it just squirted out, that's how big it was.

They eventually had to cut my elbow open without an anaesthetic with the nurses holding me down. It had grown to the size of a melon and was full of pus even though there was no infection – this was the weird thing – and I was in hospital for five days on intravenous penicillin.

The day after I was discharged from hospital my muscles and joints started aching, and they have ever since.

How has the encounter affected you?
I'm definitely more lethargic now. I used to be quite active and play a lot of tennis, but I can't do any of that now. Every time I lift something the pain is unbearable.

What other physicals complaints do you have?
I've got problems with my liver, my skin, my muscles, connective tissue and even my bones. I've recently had an operation on my nose because the bone started growing and I couldn't breathe through my nostrils – that started to develop about a year ago. I've got problems with my liver that are normally associated with hepatitis but they've ruled hepatitis out I'm also beginning to drool a lot because the muscles in my mouth are getting weak.

Can the doctors explain your health problems?
The doctors have put the swelling of the joints and muscle complaints down to something called fibromyalgia – that's when the fibres, tendons and muscles become inflamed – but they still can't tell the cause of it.

The doctors also can't explain the skin lesions. They initially put the swelling of my elbow down to bursitis, and then they decided it was due to cellulitis. Then they thought the swelling was caused by an insect bite, but basically they don't know.

Did you tell the doctors about what you saw in the sky?
I can't tell anyone. When I told my friends about what I saw they all laughed. They all started coming out with things like: "Yeah, and I saw witches on broomsticks" and that sort of thing.

Are all your symptoms related to your strange encounter?
Most of the complaints started occurring down the left-hand side of my body. I had a rash on the left side of my neck, my left arm and hands. Doctors have also said the left side of my ribcage is contaminated.

This is all really weird because when I saw the light that night the left-hand side of my body was exposed to the object. The right-hand side of my body wasn't exposed to it that much.

Have you tried any alternative treatments?
I have been to see an acupuncturist a couple of times but that hasn't worked really.

Do you know anyone who has had any similar experiences?
A funny thing is about 18 months later I was explaining to a local shopkeeper about what happened that night when an elderly man overheard what I was saying and said: "That was in August 1997 wasn't it? I saw it as well!"

Did he have any problems with his health?
No, but I don't think he had as much exposure to it as I did.

Eight years is a long time, have these symptoms been constant?
Yes, pretty much all my health problems have come from there but the marks on my skin have gone down.

Was this your first UFO sighting?
I haven't seen anything like it before or since. This is the weirdest thing that's ever happened to me. If you had told me before this happened to me that there were such things as UFOs, I would have laughed my head off.

Do you have theories about what you saw?
I had thought it might have been radiation. They only reason that would be in my thinking is because of the skin lesions. The diagnosis of fibromyalgia has nothing to do with the skin – which is odd. Most of my symptoms would be unrelated except they all started to occur at once.

All I can say about what I saw is that it was controlled and it definitely wasn't a meteor or anything. I just don't know – all I can say is what I actually saw.

If anyone has had a similar experience and would like to get in touch with Terence, write to us at the usual address

"After I saw the UFO, my elbow swelled to the size of a melon and I got sores all over my body"

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Kim
31 yrs old, primary teacher, recently single & soo horny for txt fun with local men. 5'9, tight bod, peachy bum and 34B breasts – watch it I can be a handful!
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Laura
24 yrs old, my flatmate & me r both young, single & gagging to hear frm u – this is me, my m8 has long dark hair & small boobs ...wanna play, we're a txt away
TO TXT ME OR OTHER HORNY GIRLS IN THIS AREA: SEND LAURA TO 89333

Louisa
36 yrs old, still attractive, firm, fit bod as I get a sweat on at the gym 3 times a week. Wanna get a sweat on with me? I'm only a txt away
TO TXT ME OR OTHER HORNY GIRLS IN THIS AREA: SEND LOUISA TO 89333

Kate
25, very slim bi-sexual brunette work as legal secretary. Want quick& dirty no-strings sex with guys or couples, will travel. Txt me & I'll tell u my filthy sex secrets.
TO TXT ME OR OTHER HORNY GIRLS IN THIS AREA: SEND KATE TO 89333

Rachel
Busty blonde divorcee 33, I love guys playing with my big tanned boobs... I'm up for some no strings horny txt fun, ideally with well-hung male 25-38yrs.
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Mandy
22 yrs old Uni Graduate, bored, living at home while looking for job. If ur bored & want to cum with me, get in touch, I want dirty phone sex with you now.
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Dominique
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EDITED BY **EVA WISEMAN**

EVA – RUTTING AS YOU READ THIS

WIN!
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How do people without arms masturbate?

Ed, Hull

EVA: To you, masturbation is a simple, solo, soggy little hobby. It fills the gaping vacuum between *Hollyoaks* and *Casualty*. You knock one off while you're waiting for the beans to boil. Rub one out in the bath as the water cools. To thousands of people with physical disabilities, however, it's not so easy. What if you can't reach the honey pot? Can't grip the meat?

The Outsiders Club, a community for people with social and physical disabilities, suggests, "As well as hands (or feet), you can use a vibrator or other sex aid like an artificial vagina. Some vibrators come on a long handle which is useful for people with short arms."

Dr Linda R Mona, an expert and advocate for disability rights, advises, "If you want to masturbate, but fear that you do not have the dexterity, strength or ability to accomplish it with your hands, try rubbing your body up against a pillow, a couch arm or a portion of your wheelchair if you have one... Attaching a Velcro strap to a vibrator may help to keep it in place."

Sexuality Reborn, a video for disabled men, features a couple singing the praises of the wheelchair: "We use it as a toy, not an obstacle."

So it's a case of rubbing, any way, anyhow. The Outsiders Club reckon it's easiest to lie on your tummy and get a rhythm going – "If you cannot do it one way, it might take a lot of practice to succeed by other means, but it's worth the effort."

But there's more: "There is no harm in asking for help, either by putting this on your PA's job description or asking around among your more liberated friends," they reassure us, although they also warn those who dare to share not to fall in love with their wanky friend: "Best keep a check that their hand doesn't become more than a substitute for your own. Keep a handle on your emotions by discussing them. This is a delicate but important issue for your sanity."

So, to recap, it's vibes on sticks, it's lubed-up cock-gloves, quick-wristed friends and sanded-down chair arms. Enjoy.

Every single person in the red houses is having hard, hot, sweaty sex RIGHT NOW! We know – this is the view out of our window and we peep on them

How many people are having sex right now?

Lonelyheart by email

EVA: Maybe you wonder about it on a plane, looking down at the neat little houses and their red roofs, the driving cars which speed to their lovers, and the lonely taste of BA dessert in your mouth – how many people are having sex right now... no, NOW? The answer? Everyone's doing it apart from you.

They're standing, one leg straddling the branch of a kindly tree, they're sitting face to face on a swivel chair, tied together with sellotape. They're rutting on the puddled floor of a public toilet, they're filming it on their phones. Every day, over 115million people engage in acts of sexual intercourse. That's 4,791,667 an hour, 79,861 a minute and 1,331 a second, resulting in 910,000 conceptions, 350,000 cases of sexually transmitted disease, and infinite dried-on stains. At any given second in the United Kingdom, approximately 800 men are having an orgasm. Women? Less.

What *can* you catch from toilet seats?

Worried, UK

EVA: It's always there: the lingering doubt that as you settle down after a morning of liquid laxatives, your arse is ripe for retox. Of course, we all know by now you can't catch the AIDS from a toilet seat, but what about flu, or scurvy? Or herpes? Hmm?

Infectious-disease expert Dr Richard Olds says, "Honestly, toilet seats get a pretty bad rep. It's very difficult to catch something off them as the vast majority of contagions can't live on the surface."

Meanwhile, physician Dr Christina Johns asserts, "If you had an open sore on your bottom, there may be a possibility, but it wouldn't just be from a toilet seat. With a sore like that, you'd be at risk of getting an infection just walking around. So, the real answer is unless you have gaping wounds on your bottom, you won't."

Dr Olds adds, "You probably run a bigger risk of getting a disease from the doorknob of a bathroom" – it's your filthy hands that carry the most germs, you see.

But before you go getting all fast and loose about plonking your cheeks down on that hoop of relief, bear in mind that toilet seats are not entirely innocent – you should still watch out for our old friends the pubic lice. However, they're "free-living organisms you can see with the naked eye", so hover above the bowl if the seat is scurrying and all should be fine. And please, please, wash your hands.

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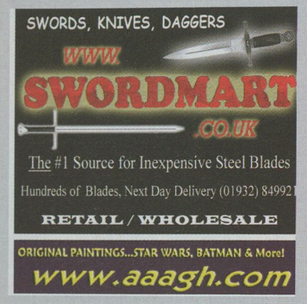
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2Pac Ft - Ghetto Gospel	12136	12114	Guns 'n' Roses - Sweet Child	3868	6977
50 Cent - Candy Shop	11679	11647	Gwen Stefani - Hollaback Girl	11706	11657
50 Cent - Just A Lil Bit	12141	12122	Gwen Stefani - Rich Girl	11586	11563
ACDC - Back In Black	4519	11899	Hard-Fi - Hard To Beat	12140	12116
Akon - Locked Up	11512	11502	James Blunt - You're	12058	12055
Akon - Lonely	11922	11910	John Legend - Ordinary People	12097	12082
Basement - U Don't Know	12105	12089	Killers - Somebody Told Me	9950	11276
Bizarre - Rockstar	12143	12132	Lou Bega - Mambo No. 5	1263	12126
Bobby Valentino - Slow Down	12137	12133	Mario - Here I Go Again	12149	12117
Bodyrockers - I Like The Way	11866	11856	Mario - Let Me Love You	11678	11663
Bon Jovi - Living On A Prayer	3945	9569	Missy Elliott - Lose Control	12139	12124
Charlotte - Crazy Chick	12147	12111	MVP - Roc Ya Body	12138	12130
Chris De Burgh - Lady In Red	12154	12123	My Chemical - I'm Not Okay	11579	11558
Crazy Frog - Axel F	12038	12023	Nelly - N Dey Say	12099	12081
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Damien Rice - Unplayed	12145	12135	Peter Kay - Amarillo	11546	11545
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ELO - Mr Blue Sky	12153	12127	Queen - Don't Stop Me Now	11122	11076
Eminem - Like Toy Soldiers	11362	11338	Robbie Williams - Angels	3580	8482
Erasure - Here I Go	12146	12118	Salt N Pepa - Push It	9646	9619
Eye Opener - Hungry Eyes	11021	11004	Scissor - Filthy/Gorgeous	11244	11231
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...ir Traffic Control

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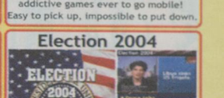

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3D Chess

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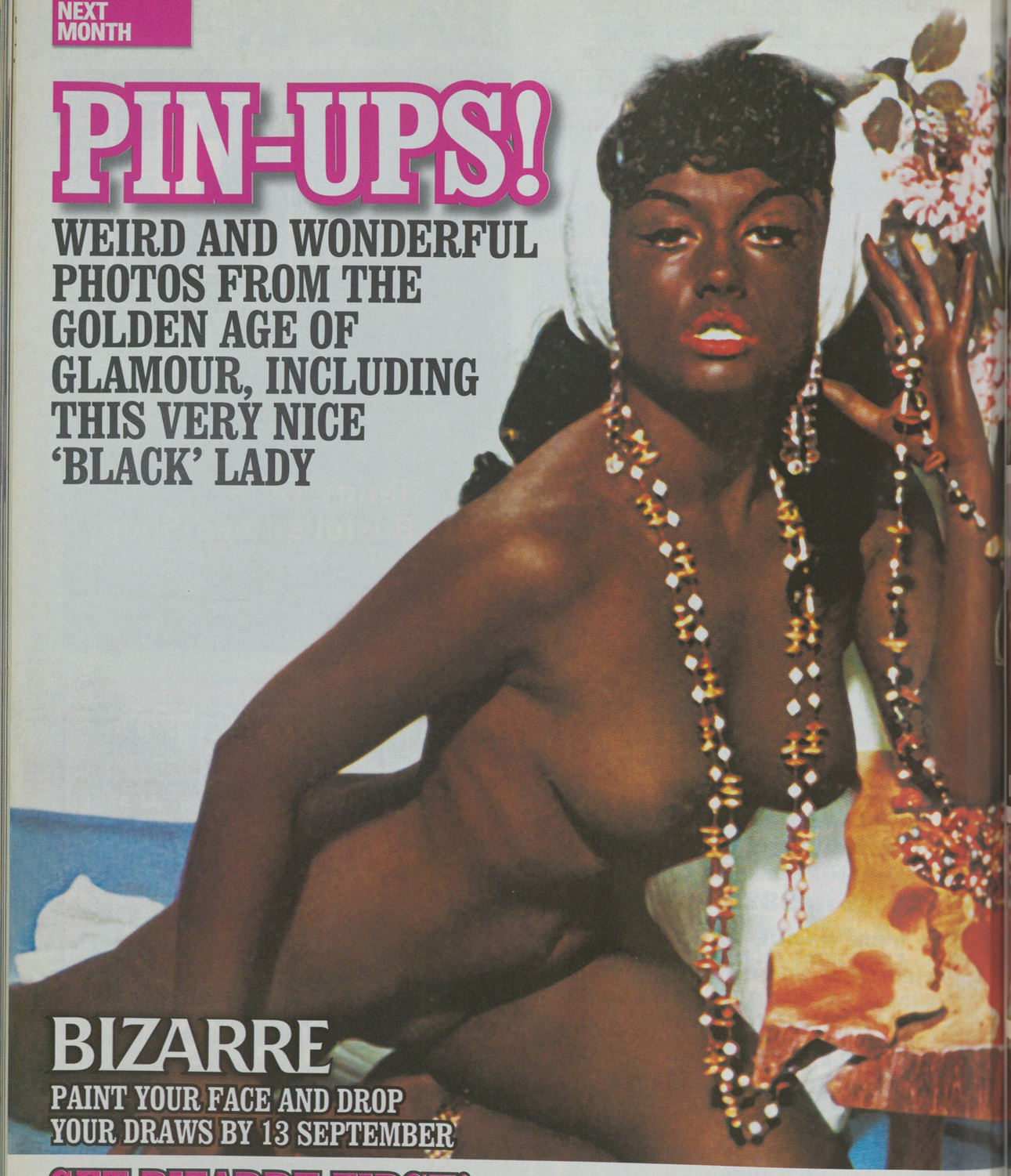

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